THE

VOLUNTARY EXILE,

IN FIVE VOLUMES,

BY MRS. PARSONS,

AUTHOR OF LUCY, *&c. &c.*

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THE

VOLUNTARY EXILE.

CHAP. I.

THAT morning, with an aching heart, Andrew repaired to his maſter, greatly mortified at his diſcharge from the power of being uſeful to him and Miſs Harriot. On entering Mr. Biddulph's room, he found him in high ſpirits; Mr. Newton was with him, and brought him letters from Mr. Manly, Mr. Barclay, and one from Mr. Oſborne.

Manly's letter was deſcriptive of his mind, friendly, cheerful, and calculated to inſpire pleaſure, and encourage hope. Barclay's conveyed to him ſome remittances, and congratulated him upon his ſucceſs in finding Mrs. Bailey and her lovely charge. The health of Mrs. Smith, he ſaid, viſibly declined; ſhe ſuffered much, he believed, for the abſence and total neglect of her huſband, and more from mortified pride, and a conſciouſneſs that her behaviour to her parents, as well as to her poor miſguided ſiſter, had been very reprehenſible, and full of duplicity. When the body is weak, the mind partakes of its imbecility, and I fear, added he, ſhe will ſoon exchange this world, I hope for a better. She has every gratification friendſhip can beſtow, and to diſturb her with an account of her real ſituation, and Smith's villanies, could only add to her grief; in her caſe, ignorance is beſt.

Barclay then mentioned the Edeys; the huſband had been ſuddenly called to the boſom

ſom of Abraham, by a putrid ſore throat, and his diſconſolate help-mate was ſeeking for ſolace under her afflictions, in the company of a young man, who was the principal aſſiſtant to her late huſband, and he ſuppoſed they would ſoon be joined together.

This was the ſubſtance of Barclay's letter; Mr. Oſborne's was as follows:

TO MR. BIDDULPH.

I remember my promiſe; I write becauſe you wiſhed me to do ſo; but careleſs of myſelf, ſick of my exiſtence, and doomed to wretchedneſs, tell me what pleaſure can you expect to derive from this correſpondence? Is it to triumph in my misfortunes, to hug yourſelf as the happy, the ſucceſsful adorer of the lovely Harriot, and throw cold inſulting pity on the leſs fortunate Oſborne? oh! no, I think, I know, you are incapable of ſuch cruelty; but what then can you expect from me but complaints, and melancholy ſenti-

ments? I am at Rhode-Iſland; we are ſtill inactive, I cannot bear it; I would petition to join Sir Henry Clinton, who has evacuated Philadelphia, but that I hear he intends making a junction with the troops at New-York, and there I dare not come! you told me of reaſon, of abſence, Biddulph, neither is of uſe to me; ſleeping or waking, the lovely Harriot, with her thouſand winning, nameleſs graces, ſwims before my ſight, and I feel, 'tis my firſt paſſion, and will be my laſt. Let me caution you againſt the machinations of that Adams and Sharpley; I am convinced they are deſperate wicked ſcoundrels; Miſs Franklyn is too ſcrupulous, ſhe ſhould quit that Mrs. Bailey; yet, if ſhe does do ſo, if ſhe throws herſelf into your protection, tell me not of it, I have not a ſoul to bear it; let your ſilence to me be the only criterion for me to judge of your happineſs, and that will be enough. If you can, if you dare, write to me; forgive me when I ſay, the ſight of your hand will give me pleaſure, becauſe it will aſſure me—What? that you are *not* happy? and have I

really

really ſo much baſeneſs in my compoſition dear Biddulph, forgive me, I will root it from my heart; thoſe loathſome weeds of envy and jealouſy, ſhall be ſuperceded by gratitude and eſteem; yes, I will try; the ſentiments I have written, ſhock me, I deſpiſe myſelf; forgive me, dear Biddulph; neither my health nor ſpirits permit me to write this over again; 'tis a faithful tranſcript of my heart, a heart torn by love and anguiſh, yet loves, reveres, and bleſſes Biddulph.

F. OSBORNE.

This affecting letter was no ſmall drawback from the pleaſure Mr. Biddulph experienced in hearing from his other friends; he ſincerely pitied Oſborne, but truſted that time, and the conviction that his paſſion muſt be fruitleſs, would have its uſual effects, particularly if he could be employed; for where the attention is divided, and the mind active, as well as the body, a hopeleſs attachment may be ſubdued, or weakened at leaſt.

Short-lived, however, was the little ſatisfaction Biddulph experienced; the ſight of Andrew, whoſe humble ſituation had precluded him from acquiring the art of diſguiſing his feelings, whoſe features took their colouring from the temper of his mind, and who now appeared before his maſter with a countenance clouded by ſorrow, ſtruck Biddulph with a painful ſenſation, that all was not right.

"An pleaſe your honour," ſaid Andrew, twirling his hat upon his hand, and looking down, "I am cruelly ſorry to have bad news to *import*; that old crab —"

"For heaven's ſake! what is it you have to ſay? ſpeak quickly," cried Biddulph.

"Why then, in one word, your honour, I am diſcharged."

"Diſcharged!"

"Yes,

"Yes, ſir, and the plague on't is, I can't tell for what; the ſcolding beldam opened upon me ſuddenly, like a ball from a cannon's mouth, and ſtunned me, your honour, that I could ſay nothing. One of her infernals has done my buſineſs, I believe, for to be ſure ſhe is a devil *ingarnet* herſelf."

He then repeated every thing that had paſſed, concluding with his interview with Miſs Franklyn in the garden.

This account convinced Biddulph, that Adams was at the bottom of the whole, and he had little doubt, but that he was the contriver of the black deſign againſt himſelf.

"What a fate is mine!" cried he, "thus to be purſued by my evil genius, in the ſhape of William Biddulph—would I had taken no notice of him."

Agonized for the ſafety and happineſs of Harriot, at the mercy of ſuch miſcreants,

with extreme difficulty he ſcratched out a few lines to her, and painting to her the very dangerous ſituation ſhe was in, beſought her to accept the protection of Mr. Matthews, aſſuring her, in that caſe he would not preſume to wait on her without her permiſſion. He ordered Andrew to call on that gentleman, and acquaint him with the events that had taken place, and then return to him until the evening, when he was to try for another garden interview with Miſs Franklyn.

Andrew had ſcarcely left him, before Mrs. Neſbitt came to pay him a morning viſit, and congratulated him on his amendment;

"We alſo," ſaid ſhe, "have received much pleaſure this day, by a letter from our young friend, Arnold, who, having been with General Gates, in the *glorious buſineſs* at Saratoga, was, in a ſkirmiſhing party, wounded and taken priſoner by ſome Indians from the back ſettlements. After remaining with them ſeveral weeks, he, and another priſoner, effected

effected their eſcape, and are now ſafe at Albany; he gives us hopes of ſeeing him in a ſhort time, as he has obtained three months leave of abſence from the General."

"I congratulate you, with all my ſoul," returned Biddulph, "at his eſcape from the Indians, which I look upon as a miraculous one, for very few ſurvive that fall into their hands, I believe."

He then made ſome apologies for the trouble he occaſioned, and many compliments to their humanity, ſo freely extended to a ſtranger, and generally thought an enemy.

"The unfortunate and diſabled," anſwered Mrs. Neſbitt, "of whatſoever country, or however differing in principles, either of religion or politics, have an univerſal claim to compaſſion and aſſiſtance; and in performing a duty ſtrictly enjoined us, there can be no merit; therefore, no more, if you pleaſe, on that ſubject."

The entrance of the doctor, ſtopt Biddulph from expreſſing his further acknowledgments; ſhe withdrew; the pragmatical ſurgeon ſung his own praiſes, and took a wonderful deal of merit to himſelf, from the good ſtate of his patient's wounds, though, indeed, but little ſkill was neceſſary to cure them, as the aſſaſſins, alarmed by the voice, gave their blows in ſuch haſte, as happily defeated their intended villany, being neither deep nor dangerous. Biddulph, whoſe mind was full of uneaſy conjectures, and wiſhed much to be alone, permitted the doctor to arrogate as much merit to himſelf as he pleaſed, and ſubmitted very quietly to all his directions, that he might the ſooner move off, which at length he did.

Mr. Newton brought the invalid the letters left for him, and it was the firſt day he had left his houſe ſince the death of his unfortunate ſon and daughter; a heavy melancholy hung upon his ſpirits, but his wife, he ſaid, being happily recovered from the alarming ſtate ſhe

was

was in for two or three day, he hoped time and reſignation might meliorate their affliction, and they had nothing now to do, but to prepare for another world, where, when God pleaſed, they might all be re-united together.

How many and various, thought Biddulph, are the calamities of life, and how preſumptuous for any man to ſuppoſe, he alone is the moſt unfortunate of human beings! miſery aſſaults us in ſuch different ſhapes, that wretched as ſome events render us, if we look abroad into the world, we muſt be convinced we only ſhare the common lot, and that 'tis poſſible there are ſuperior woes to what we feel, and attached to perſons leſs deſerving of them than ourſelves! theſe reflections threw him into the retroſpection of the painful events that had befallen himſelf, and had, ſince within his knowledge, happened to others—yes, he continued to reflect, I once thought all the bittereſt ſorrows were monopolized by me; great indeed they were, and aggravated by a conſcious ſenſe of my own imprudence: but

the ſcenes of miſery I have witneſſed, ſince I came to America, convinces me, that wretchedneſs is the lot of man, and that "we are born to trouble as the ſparks fly upwards." Small is the number of the happy; few that paſs through life, without feeling the edge of calamity, and thoſe few, perhaps, are without ſenſibilities to enjoy their comparative happineſs, and drag on their days in a taſteleſs indifference to the bleſſings around them.

In a ſtate of uneaſy ſuſpenſe, Biddulph paſſed that day and night, anxiouſly wiſhing for the morning, when Andrew was to bring him intelligence of Miſs Franklyn. Short ſighted mortals as we are, the accompliſhment of our wiſhes is often productive of the greateſt pain to ourſelves. The morning came, and he heard Andrew's voice on the ſtairs; his eyes met him at the door, but Andrew's looks wore no good aſpect; he eagerly aſked if he had ſeen Miſs Harriot?

"Ah!

"Ah! no, ſir," he replied, "I'll tell your honour all about it; I got over the wall, and planted the ladder; my heart miſgave me, when I ſaw no light in the window; however, I tapped at it, and called Miſs Harriot two or three times, no anſwer was made; I then went down, and walked round the houſe, all was ſtill and quiet, except Towſer, who barked, poor fellow, ſmelling me, I ſuppoſe; ſo then I goes up the ladder again, knocked and called again, mortally afeared I ſhould be diſcovered, but not a ſoul heard me, and I ſtayed watching 'till paſt two o'clock."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Biddulph, "what can be the meaning of this?"

"Why, you ſhall hear, ſir; when I found all was to no purpoſe, this morning early I put a bold face on, and knocked at the door, which was opened by Hetty, ſo," ſays I, "Mrs. Hetty, in the hurry in which Madam Bailey turned me off, I forgot a pair of ſtockings;

ings; a poor man, like me, can't afford to loſe them; have you ſeen ſuch a thing."

"No, Andrew," ſaid ſhe, kindly, "but you may come in and look yourſelf, for nobody's at home but me and Hannah."

So in I went; the maids were always civil to me, and ſo they aſked me to breakfaſt.

"Dear me," ſaid Hannah, "the old woman packed you off in a plaugy huff; and now ſhe's took herſelf off."

"Where to?" aſked I.

"That we can't tell," anſwered Hetty, "but yeſterday morning, Maſter, Mrs. Bailey, and Miſs Franklyn, went away in a carriage, and laſt night a man came for a trunk of miſtreſs's, which ſhe had packed, and another of Miſs Harriot's, where ſhe uſed to keep all her fine clothes, which, being in mourning, ſhe had never unpacked; the man ſaid he was

was to carry them to Mr. Adams's, and that's all we know."

"Then I am undone," cried Biddulph, in a violent agitation; "if that infernal villain has her in his power, I am ruined for ever."

"God forbid," ſaid Andrew, trembling, "but ſir, they ſaid Mrs. Bailey told them they ſhould be wanting a week."

"Oh! my good fellow," returned Biddulph, "if you would ſave my life, fly to that Adams's, bribe, coax, throttle his ſervant or him, do any thing, ſo that you gain intelligence to what place they have conveyed my Harriot. Ah! Miſs Franklyn, how could you be perſuaded to enter a carriage with ſuch demons! what evils may befal her, and I confined, incapable of flying to her aſſiſtance—but I will go," cried he, endeavouring to throw himſelf out of bed, "whatever is the conſequence, I will go to that Adams's."

Andrew,

Andrew, who had begun to think his maſter's ſenſes were a little deranged, ſeeing him getting out of bed, held him faſt, and bawled for help as loud as he could, which preſently brought up Mrs. Arnold and the ſervant, but not before Biddulph lay quiet, exhauſted by his emotions and weakneſs, which would not ſecond his inclinations. When Mrs. Arnold came in, much terrified, Andrew was obliged to account for his vociferation, by ſaying, that his maſter wanted to riſe. Biddulph, a little recovered, ſaid,

" Pardon me, my dear Madam, for the alarm you have ſuffered; I have heard news that has almoſt turned my brain. A young lady, in whoſe fate I am greatly intereſted, is carried off, and I much fear, is in the hands of villains."

" I wonder not then at the violence of your feelings," ſaid Mrs. Arnold, " but my dear ſir, raſhneſs and impetuoſity may impede your

your recovery, and all poſſibility of being ſerviceable to your friend."

"Do pray, dear ſir, be compoſed," cried Andrew, "I will go to Adams's, and alſo ſend the good Mr. Matthews to you."

"Do ſo," replied Biddulph, over-whelmed with anguiſh, "gain what intelligence you can, and quickly return, for I am nearly diſtracted."

Andrew was off in a moment; Mrs. Arnold entered into a little converſation that might amuſe his mind; ſhe told him,

"If he would endeavour to ſubdue the hurry of his ſpirits, ſhe was ſure, within a few days, he might get out; he was that day to ſit up, but every thing depended upon his own care, and keeping himſelf eaſy."

Biddulph thanked her for her obliging attention, and promiſed to *endeavour* at conforming

forming with her advice—but alas! thoſe endeavours were fruitleſs, the agitations of his mind in a few hours produced a fever, and when Mr. Matthews came in the evening, he found him quite light-headed, and incapable of receiving any conſolation. Every neceſſary aſſiſtance was given him, and a phyſician ſent for, on whoſe ſkill, Mr. Matthews knew he could depend; nor was he leſs active in ſerving him on the ſubject that had cauſed his preſent diſtreſs. Without delay he repaired to Adams's houſe,

"He was not at home."

"Was Mrs. Adams at home?"

"There was no ſuch perſon as Mrs. Adams."

"No relation or houſe-keeper?"

"No, Mr. Adams had lived there but a few weeks; 'twas a ready furniſhed houſe, and

and belonged to a gentleman now in the army."

Matthews, ſtill reſolved not to be baffled, inquired who had the care and letting of the houſe?

"A Mr. Vincent."

This gentleman he knew, and waited upon him immediately; he was at home, and received Mr. Matthews very civilly; without any preamble, he came directly to the point, and inquired very particularly reſpecting his knowledge of Adams, aſſuring him, that he had very urgent reaſons for his curioſity, which he would make no ſecret of.

Mr. Vincent gave the following account; "My friend, Mr. Simcoe, being with the army, requeſted me to diſpoſe of his houſe in whatever manner I judged moſt eligible. On the entrance of the Britiſh troops, you may poſſibly recollect it was inhabited ſome time

time by the commanding officer, who payed me my demand for it. When the ſummer came on, he had tents erected, and left the houſe. It lay empty ſome time; I had no opportunity to diſpoſe of it, for no man would purchaſe in ſuch times as theſe, with the enemy within our walls. About ſix weeks ago, Mr. Adams came to me to treat for the houſe; he would take it by the quarter only, but would pay always in advance. He was a ſtranger, I knew not what to do; but as the furniture and houſe were injured by being unoccupied, and in the care of a ſervant only, I agreed to let it to him conditionally, that the ſervant remained in it, to which he made no objection, paid me the firſt quarter's rent, and took immediate poſſeſſion. He told me he was an Engliſhman, but a friend to American principles, and had his particular reaſons for ſtaying at preſent in New-York. Mr. Simcoe's ſervant has told me he games very high, has a number of viſitors at his tables, and is extremely intimate with Sharpley, a man whoſe intimacy can do him no great honour.

The

The accounts I hear give me no very favourable idea of him, and I do not mean that he ſhall continue in the houſe."

Mr. Vincent having given this information, Matthews made no ſcruple of telling him "his tenant was an impoſtor, and had left Philadelphia in a diſgraceful manner, under the name of Smith; he had then," added Mr. Matthews, "a mother with him, what is become of her, we have yet to learn; but poſſibly the ſervant may know if he has any acquaintance in the country, or who his aſſociates are."

"'Tis not unlikely," returned the other, "and I will accompany you to the houſe, that we may make the needful inquiries."

But Adams was not ſuch a novice, as to put himſelf in the hazard of a ſervant's diſcovery; his own man he had taken with him, and the woman in the houſe could throw no lights

lights on the buſineſs they were ſo anxious to be informed of.

Extremely mortified at his ill-ſucceſs, and concerned for the unfortunate Biddulph, whoſe preſent diſorder might have a fatal termination, he took leave of Mr. Vincent, to haſten back to the cottage in the wood, the latter aſſuring him, that if he could obtain the leaſt intelligence of Adams, or his proceedings, Mr. Matthews ſhould be inſtantly informed.

On returning to Mrs. Arnold's houſe, he found them all exceedingly alarmed, for Biddulph, whoſe fever raged violently, and whoſe fancy depicted Miſs Franklyn, forced into the arms of Sharpley; ſometimes raved on Adams as her murderer; talked much of a William Biddulph, whom he accuſed as the greateſt of villains; in ſhort, his imagination was ſo heated, that it was with great difficulty he could be kept in bed, and the phyſician expreſſed

expreſſed much apprehenſion for the conſequences.

Poor Andrew was the picture of deſpair; "I'll be ſhot, ſir," ſaid he, ſobbing, "if I would not rather be fired off from the mouth of a cannon, than ſee his honour ſo out of his mind; O, if I could but catch thoſe deſerters, thoſe raſcals that have carried off our prize, I'd pickle them well; I'd tie them to a halberd, if one was to be found, and flog them in ſpite of ſurgeon or devil, that I would."

"I commend your love and zeal, my good fellow," ſaid Mr. Matthews, "but don't forget mercy, even to villains."

"Mercy, ſir!" cried the other, "why, have they ſhowed mercy to my poor maſter; and havn't they ſpirited away the ſweet Miſs Harriot. Sir, I would lay down my life to ſerve thoſe that are in trouble, or ſick, or in want, but a rogue and a ſcoundrel, I would hang

hang to the halberd, or drum them from town to town, as all infamous fellows ſhould be."

The entrance of the phyſician ſilenced Andrew, and they attended him to the ſick chamber; a freſh bliſter was ordered, and the room to be kept remarkably quiet; the patient lay a little more ſtill, though he talked very wildly, and the doctor requeſted the ſtricteſt attention might be paid to his orders. When he left the room, Andrew followed;

"I beſeech your honour to tell me if my good maſter will recover?"

"I hope ſo, friend," anſwered the phyſician, "but 'tis impoſſible for me to ſay with any certainty."

"I beg your honour's pardon, but I've heard ſay, two doctors are better than one, and if ſo be that's the caſe, I have got two pieces here (taking out a ſmall leather purſe) it all come by my maſter, and it ſhall go with all

all my heart and ſoul, to do him ſervice; ſo if your honour pleaſes to take them for another doctor.—"

"No, no, friend," ſaid the phyſician, ſmiling, "keep your money; if I think more conſultation neceſſary, I ſhall take care to call another in; mean-time, attend your maſter, and keep him quiet, and I hope we ſhall do very well."

"God ſend it," cried Andrew, putting up his leather purſe, "and the day that he's reſtored to health, I'll ſpend this here money to drink his health, and your's too, doctor."

Away went he to watch his maſter, and the doctor deſcended to the parlour, where he repeated the preceding converſation, much to the credit of Andrew.

CHAP. II.

TWO nights and a day paſſed, with very little alteration in Biddulph, and not the ſmalleſt intelligence gained of Sharpley or Adams. On the ſecond day the fever began to abate; the ravings were leſs frequent, and to the infinite joy of the family, the phyſician gave ſtrong hopes of his recovery. Andrew, the faithful Andrew, had never cloſed his eyes during the whole time, and was now, with much difficulty, perſuaded to lye

lye down for a few hours, which refreſhed him greatly, and enabled him to return to his poſt.

The following day Biddulph's ſenſes were perfectly reſtored, though ſo extremely weakened, that all the paſt floated like a viſion on his brain, and the remembrance of his ſorrows, and the cauſe of them, was equally faint and imperfect. In the courſe of a day or two, more ſtrength and recollection came together; and although rage and vexation came with redoubled force, yet the fever having exhauſted its violence, his ſpirits, however agitated, did him no material injury. In the courſe of a very few days, he was ſo far recovered, as to be removed to Mr. Newton's, where he experienced the greateſt attention, and in their ſympathetic ſorrows, freely indulged his own. He quitted the hoſpitable ladies with the warmeſt ſentiments of gratitude, and participated largely in their expected ſatisfaction of ſoon embracing their ſon, lover and friend.

Many days paſſed away, without any intelligence being gained of Miſs Franklin, or the wretches who had carried her off. Biddulph, almoſt diſtracted, under the agonies of fear and ſuſpence, affected to appear much better than he was in reality, that he might leave New-York, in purſuit of his much wronged Harriot, without a clue to guide him, ſo ſecretly had they managed their journey; it was in vain his friends repreſented how fruitleſs his ſearch would be, when perhaps, every ſtep he took might carry him farther from them. No conſiderations could impede his fixed reſolution to ſcour the country for twenty miles round, in the hope of acquiring ſome information of ſuch perſons being ſeen on the road.

Previous to his leaving New-York, he wrote to his friends Barclay, Manly, and Oſborne, and took the opportunity of a packet going for England, to write alſo to Mr. Barrow. Thoſe duties to friendſhip being fulfilled, the following morning was appointed for

for his Quixote expedition, Andrew ſtill to be the faithful partner of his misfortunes. He had the ſatisfaction to ſee Mr. and Mrs. Newton reſtored to a comparative degree of tranquillity, patiently waiting their appointed hour for being re-united to their lamented children. As he ſtill looked upon their houſe as his head quarters, he took only a few changes of linen with him, and entreated both Mr. Newton and Mr. Matthews, not to relax in their inquiries relative to Adams and Sharpley.

With an oppreſſed mind, and a body extremely weakened by his late illneſs, Biddulph ſet off from New-York; and as he thought it by no means likely that they would return in any direction towards Philadelphia, he croſſed the river towards Suſſex, and paſſed through two or three ſmall villages, without being at all ſucceſsful. After going through a beautiful valley, he came to a thick wood, which extended a long way over the mountains; here he travelled ſome time, aſcending

and deſcending, until he came to the borders of a lake, ſo very ſolitary, that it was impervious to the view through the trees, and appeared ſuddenly on coming down a declivity of the hill.

"God bleſs your honour," cried Andrew, looking fearfully round, "I believe we have loſt our way, for I ſee no clear path through the wood, and what I can ſee, looks very wild and diſmal."

"I am of your opinion, Andrew," anſwered Biddulph, ſtarting from a deep reverie, "unacquainted with this wild romantic country, we have certainly got in a wrong direction; our beſt way will be to follow the courſe of the lake a little way round the foot of the mountain."

This plan they purſued for near two miles, with greater danger to themſelves, as in many places the road was ſo narrow, that had the horſes ſlipped, they muſt have tumbled over the

the ſlanting banks into the lake; at length, to the great joy of Andrew, they turned round the foot of a mountain, and beheld a ſmall plain, with two or three cottages ſcattered in it, and terminated by another thick wood. They rode haſtily up to one of thoſe humble dwellings, and ſaw an old man, a woman, and two children; on inquiry of the man, if they were near any townſhip or tavern on the road, where they could be lodged, he told them they were ſeveral miles from any accommodation of that ſort, but that a little way on in the wood, lived their maſter, who would give them a night's lodging, and the children ſhould ſhew them the way.

They accepted the offer, and riding about half a mile through the wood, they ſaw a neat houſe, ſurrounded by trees, and a branch of the lake running at the back of it, through a ſmall orchard. On coming near to it, the maſter of the houſe was ſitting on a bench, placed underneath a large tree, a book by his ſide, a little dog lying at his feet, whilſt he

appeared to be contemplating the laſt parting rays of the ſetting ſun reflected through the trees; the ſolemn ſtillneſs of every thing around; the gloom of the wood, and the ſolitary inhabitant of this retired ſpot, terrified Andrew infinitely more than a pointed cannon would have done; even Biddulph had his agitations. The trampling of the horſes, as they ſtopped at his humble gate, alarmed the maſter of the houſe; he roſe, and advanced towards them; before the children could ſpeak, Biddulph apologized for his intruſion, by telling from whence he came, and that having loſt his way, he had been directed to his hoſpitable manſion.

"Friends or foes," replied the gentleman, "if diſtreſt or benighted, you are welcome; enter freely;" giving the children ſome cakes from his pocket;

"Return my good boys to your grandfather, and tell him, I expect you all to dinner here on Sunday; don't forget, now."

"No,

"No, no, ſir," anſwered the biggeſt boy, "we ſhan't do that, becauſe we always have a heap of good things here."

The children being gone, a man appeared, who conducted Andrew to a ſtable with his horſes, and Biddulph followed the maſter into a plain decent room, furniſhed with neceſſaries, but nothing in any degree fine or ſuperfluous.

"You are very welcome, ſir," ſaid he, reaching a chair, "I very ſeldom ſee any ſtranger in my houſe; removed from ſociety, and at a diſtance from any regular road, I live here retired and unknown; I am happy that I can afford you ſhelter for the night, under ſuch a diſagreeable ſituation."

Whilſt he was ſpeaking, Biddulph had leiſure to contemplate his perſon, which bore the marks of a ſettled melancholy, without the appearance of ſourneſs or diſcontent: on the contrary, there was a mild placidity in his

features, and an endeavour at a ſmile when he ſpoke, but it was an effort only; and a fixed gravity, that ſeemed the effect of habit, inſtantly took place of the momentary relaxation of his features, which appeared unnatural to them.

Biddulph thanked him for his hoſpitality, and apologized for his intruſion, from the neceſſity he was under of ſeeking ſome place of reſt againſt the approaching night.

"If you are ſtrangers in this country," anſwered he, "you ought to have taken a guide to direct you through the woods, and over the mountains, otherwiſe you may eaſily loſe the way, and be under very diſagreeable circumſtances."

This, indeed, had been ſuggeſted to Biddulph, before he left New-York, but he refuſed a guide, as his intention was not to proceed to any great diſtance, without he obtained intelligence of Sharply's route. Convinced

ced now, however, that he had been wrong, he readily acknowledged it to his hoſt.

Some fruit, wine and cakes were brought in, and the gentleman aſked, "if he was travelling towards New-Windſor, as he had ſaid he came from New-York?"

With a little heſitation, the other acknowledged, "he had no fixed place in his route, and that in fact, ſingular as the confeſſion muſt appear, he was travelling in purſuit of a friend, without knowing to what point of the compaſs he ought to turn."

"Singular indeed," replied the other, "and I fear, equally unprofitable will be your ſcheme, for in this vaſt country, unleſs you can trace the route of any one, there is ſmall chance of meeting or overtaking. May I aſk if your friend is a priſoner, for one would ſuppoſe, in any other ſituation, or even in that, he might, by writing, have afforded you ſome lights to govern your ſearch by."

Ah! ſir," cried Biddulph, " 'tis a lady I ſeek, who has been infamouſly trepanned away by villains."

The gentleman ſtarted up, and with a degree of frenzy in his looks,

" 'Tis *a miſtreſs*, then, you are in purſuit of?"

" I own it," replied Biddulph, ſurpriſed at his emotion;

" Give it over then; wiſely give it over; there is neither love nor friendſhip in the world—friends! miſtreſſes!" cried he, ſtamping, " the thought is madneſs—be adviſed by me, ſir, (catching Biddulph by the arm) truſt them not; all ties of conſanguinity, friendſhip or love, are bubbles; mere bubbles to catch the ignorant and unwary, and then ſting them to death—I have done with it, I abjure them all for ever! hearken to me," ſaid he, throwing himſelf into a chair,

" avoid

" avoid women; never marry: if you do, miſery is your portion; the ſins of the fathers are viſited upon their children; I know it, I feel it!" then leaning his head upon the table, he burſt into a flood of tears.

Exceſſively ſhocked at what he ſaw and heard, Biddulph approached him;

" Compoſe yourſelf, ſir, conſider you have moſt fortunately the power to help the unfortunate, and to relieve the traveller and midnight wanderer."

" True, moſt true," ſaid he, ſuddenly raiſing his head, " the poor families in the vale depend upon me; children of poverty; you are honeſt and ſincere; yes, on you I depend for comfort." He was ſilent a few moments, then looking earneſtly on Biddulph, " ſuch an exterior! but where is the heart that is ſound?"

" It

"It has its follies," replied Biddulph, "yet I hope it is not corrupt."

"There is candour in that, however," ſaid he, ſoftly to himſelf. "I do not expect impoſſibilities," added he, aloud, "the man or woman who boaſts perfection, is in that deceitful—well, well, all has an end—drink, ſir, drink, you are welcome here; my head is diſordered, I ſhall be better by and by."

Biddulph did as he was ordered, and to turn the current of his thoughts, began to deſcant on the beauty and ſublimity of the proſpects in America, and its wonderful extent of country; his obſervations had the deſired effect; the gentleman purſued the ſubject, and ſpoke with infinite judgment and rationality on the affairs of America, and the impoſſibility of ſubduing ſuch millions of people by force of arms. Several other topics he diſcourſed on, with equal clearneſs; but Biddulph ſaw that he had, at times, a partial inſanity, if either women or friends were accidentally named; from

from thence he concluded, ſome very heavy misfortunes had befallen him, from the ſources of love and friendſhip.

About ten o'clock an elderly man appeared, and ſaid the beds were ready.

" Good night, ſir," ſaid he to Biddulph, " follow that honeſt man."

The other taking his leave, attended his conductor to a ſmall, but neat room adjoining; for all the rooms were on the ſame floor, no ſtairs to the houſe; he aſked for Andrew, the man retired and ſent him. The poor fellow entered, and faſtening the door, with all the marks of horror in his countenance;

" Good Lord! ſir, do you know we are in the houſe of a madman?"

" I hope not," replied Biddulph.

" Hope!

" Hope! your honour, there is no hope about the matter; why his very ſervant told me ſo; dear heart, I would rather face an army than a madman."

" But not wander in the woods, or among the mountains all night," returned his maſter; " don't fear, Andrew, he will do us no harm; he talks very ſenſibly, I promiſe you."

" Why there it is, ſir," cried the other, " there's the danger, for the old man ſaid, he was as good and clever a man as ever lived, ſometimes; but another time, in the middle of a book, or when he has been ſitting quietly by the fire, he will jump up in a minute, and rant away like the player-men; beat his breaſt, clench his fiſt, call upon his father, his wife, and one Roger, or Rogers, and tear and ſtamp, 'till at laſt he falls a crying, and then he gets pretty quiet again: but he won't ſuffer no woman, but old Jane, in the wood-cutter's houſe, to come here; and the old man whoſe name is Ben (Benjamin, I ſuppoſe)

poſe) gets his victuals, makes his bed, and every thing. I muſt ſleep with the old man, becauſe he hath only this bed to ſpare, and he keeps that if any body is ill, for no mortal ſoul hath been here theſe five years, but ourſelves, and if good luck had followed us, we ſhould have kept away too."

"Not ſo, Andrew," returned Mr. Biddulph, "I think we were moſt fortunate in meeting with this aſylum, and I aſſure you, I entertain no apprehenſions of its maſter: pray did you learn his name?"

"Yes, ſir, his name is Fitzwarren; he has lived here nine or ten years, ſo old Ben ſays, for he hath been with him more than ſix.'

"Well, retire to bed, Andrew, get ſome reſt, that we may ſet off early in the morning."

Biddulph

Biddulph threw himſelf into bed, but the uneaſy ſituation of his mind, would not permit him to ſleep; added to which, the fatigue of his journey, in his weak ſtate of health, had too much agitated him, to admit of that compoſure which procures reſt; he therefore paſſed a ſleepleſs night, and aroſe entirely unrefreſhed.

When the morning dawned, Biddulph left his bed, and finding the few inhabitants of the houſe were wrapt in ſleep; unwilling to depart without ſeeing his hoſpitable entertainer, he walked out to enjoy the freſhneſs of the air upon a riſing hill. He had neither bars nor bolts to impede his way; a ſpring lock to the houſe door, was all the faſtenings thought neceſſary in this remote ſituation, to guard againſt the depredations of ſtragglers. He aſcended the hill, and between the trees ſaw the ſun ſlowly riſing over the diſtant mountains; the ſtillneſs of the air; the thick wood around him; the vale beneath, and the lake meandering through the trees, altogether gave

gave ſuch a ſober cheerfulneſs to his mind, that, for a moment, all his troubles were forgotten, and he viewed, with awe and admiration, the beautiful works of his creator. His reverie was interrupted, by ſeeing the wood-cutter ſlowly aſcending the hill; Biddulph advanced to him;

"You are early, my friend," ſaid he, accoſting the old man; "I hope you come here to amuſe yourſelf, and not to work."

"Both, ſir," replied he, "the little work I can do now, is an amuſement to me; thank God, and my good maſter, I have no occaſion to labour much for the neceſſaries of life: it was a bleſſed day for us, when he came here, for he has been a preſerver of us all, ſince my ſon's death."

"Was your ſon in the army?" aſked Biddulph.

"No,

" No, ſir, he worked in a farm; but five years ago he had the misfortune to be kicked by a horſe in his breaſt, which threw him into a ſpitting of blood, and he ſoon died, leaving his wife and two young one's with me. Benjamin, Mr. Fitzwarren's ſervant, came to the farm, which is ten miles from here, in the road to New-Windſor; he came there to buy ſome things, and heard of my great diſtreſs, ſo he went and told his maſter, and he ſent him to fetch us to the vale; gave us our little cot, a cow, two pigs, and ſome poultry, beſides meat and drink three times a week, and paying me generouſly for the wood I cut, and other little jobs, and promiſes to take care of poor Jane and her children, when I die. Two other poor families live in the vale, whom he ſupports, and he gives my Jane ſo much a week, to teach her own, and their ſeven little one's, to read and work. O, he doth a power of good, and is a bleſſed man, though, poor gentleman, they ſay he is cruelly unhappy himſelf; the more's the pity!"

This

This little artleſs account of the diſpoſition and benevolence of Mr. Fitzwarren, intereſted Biddulph greatly in his favour, and after giving the man a trifle, he returned to the houſe juſt as Ben was opening the windows, and Andrew figetting about, very uneaſy at his abſence. Rejoiced to ſee his maſter, he, with great alacrity, ſet about getting the horſes ready, whilſt Biddulph went to pay his compliments to Mr. Fitzwarren; a heavy gloom hung on his brow, which, on his entrance, the other ſtrove to throw off, by riſing and ſhaking his hand in a friendly way.

"You are an early riſer," ſaid he to Biddulph; "for my part, I am apt to indulge too long in bed, though ſleep and I have no great intimacy; you have waited long for your breakfaſt, I fear."

"I am obliged to your politeneſs, ſir, but intend being on horſe-back immediately, and breakfaſting at the next ſtage."

"By

"By no means," replied Fitzwarren, "you will find very indifferent accommodations on the road, between this and New-Windſor; as I ſuppoſe that is your route."

Biddulph pauſed, he could not acknowledge his ignorance of the road, or announce an intention of turning back, without recuring to a ſubject, that might too nearly affect his auditor; at length,

"I believe, ſir," ſaid he, "that my journey on this road, which I have miſtaken, muſt prove fruitleſs, and therefore, I ſhall return towards New-York."

The other looked ſteadily at him for a few moments, then heaving a deep ſigh,

"If you do not purſue your journey, ſtay with me a few hours, I beſeech you; 'tis long ſince that I have had a rational companion; my heart, though narrowed by injuries, and ſubdued by misfortunes, yet ſtill retains ſome feelings

feelings of the milk of human kindneſs: your countenance intereſts me; I ſee you are not happy; ſympathy attaches me to you. I have long ſuffered under affliction; at times, I know too well, my reaſon is unequal to the conflict; a temporary diſtraction ſeizes on my brain, perhaps becauſe I cannot receive conſolation from ſociety; and ſorrow pent up, burſts upon my ſenſes ſuddenly, and in painful retroſpections, ſweeps away judgment, reaſon and prudence. If you know what it is to be wretched, you may pity me; heaven forbid you ſhould, like me, be *for ever* deprived of peace, of *hope*; alas! that cheering balm to ſoften ſorrows, is loſt to me; all, all is miſery and black deſpair!"

"Pardon me, ſir," ſaid Biddulph, quickly, obſerving that his eyes looked fierce and agitated; "your pardon, if I condemn you for a ſentiment we ought never to indulge; 'tis taxing the power of heaven, which often, in the blackeſt moments of our lives, can ſuddenly diſperſe the gloom, and by means imperceptible

perceptible, and unexpected, convince us, poor mortals, nothing is impoſſible to Omniſcience."

"The dead cannot be raiſed," returned the other, "nor the orders of nature be inverted—but no more, my ſoul ſickens at the recollection of miſeries inflicted by the mercileſs hands of thoſe I loved and honoured; undeſervedly inflicted."

"Then, ſir," cried Biddulph, "I am juſtified in my obſervation, that heaven can always alleviate our afflictions. If you have ſuffered injuries, without being the aggreſſor; if you are free from ſelf-reproach, however bitter your ſorrows; how great ſoever the magnitude of your misfortunes may be, you may derive conſolation to yourſelf, from *conſcious innocence*; 'tis *guilt* only can juſtify deſpair, and even there, we dare not limit the mercy of the Moſt High."

"You

"You are a young philoſopher," returned Mr. Fitzwarren, "and but a novice, I believe, in the ſchool of affliction; yet you have awakened an idea, that I will endeavour to cheriſh; and the very aggravation that I have borne, and muſt ſtill endure, *unmerited wrongs*, I will try to conſider as the painful path that may conduct me to the goal of eternal happineſs, by depriving me of all earthly felicity—but you, ſir, you are not happy?"

"Very far from it," replied Biddulph.

"Pardon me," ſaid Mr. Fitzwarren, "does pecuniary difficulties occaſion you trouble?"

"No," anſwered the other, "not in the leaſt?"

"Then I am ſorry I can offer you no conſolation; had money been the ſource of your uneaſineſs, I have more than I want, or know

what to do with. The poor people that reſide in the vale, have every thing from me that is neceſſary for their ſituation: to take them out of their ſphere, and beſtow wealth they have never been accuſtomed to, would do them an injury, by raiſing wants and wiſhes to which they have been ſtrangers, and which ignorance conſtitutes the chief part of their happineſs; I have therefore a ſuperfluity in my income, which I wiſh to extend to others."

"And why not," ſaid Biddulph, "erect ſeveral dwellings in this ſequeſtered ſpot; raiſe ſmall farms, and in this extenſive neighbourhood, how many worthy indigent families, who are ſinking under poverty, and the calamities of life, might you render comfortable, induſtrious and happy; whilſt their very labour would repay you the money you advance, and enable you to extend your benevolence?"

"By

"By heavens?" cried Mr. Fitzwarren, "I will about it inſtantly; you have ſuggeſted a plan equally charitable and profitable; my indolence, and the apathy which has long had poſſeſſion of my mind, and ſuffered the remembrance of my misfortunes to weigh down my ſpirits, ſuſpended every active principle, and made me uſeleſs to myſelf and others. This apathy ſhall no longer be indulged; I will begin my buildings immediately, form a little village, and people it with the poor and unfortunate, who ſhall likewiſe be induſtrious, to ſerve others. From this hour I look forward to a comparative happineſs: why, why have I neglected it ſo long? and ſuffered many to languiſh in wretchedneſs, I have ſo largely the power to relieve!"

The features of Mr. Fitzwarren took a new turn; animation illumined his whole countenance as he ſpoke, and he was eager that moment, to ſend off Benjamin to the next townſhip, to order workmen of every

deſcription, whilſt he went to ſurvey the ground, and fix on the ſpot for his new village. They both agreed, a row of neat dwellings on each ſide the lake, would be beautiful, and that in the woods they might level the ground, and raiſe ſmall farms, the produce of which, in time, would more than ſupply the cultivators, and might be ſold for the general benefit of the community. This plan, ſo ſuddenly conceived, was to be as rapidly executed, and by the time breakfaſt was finiſhed, it ſo entirely occupied the mind of Mr. Fitzwarren, that he ſeemed inſenſible to the intended departure of Mr. Biddulph, who ſaw, in this very eagerneſs, evident tokens of a diſturbed mind, and a too lively imagination. When, however, the horſes were brought, and Biddulph was inquiring of a croſs road, which might lead him in a different direction to the neighbourhood of New-York, the other recollected himſelf, and taking his hand,

" Would

"Would to heaven you could remain here; I know you not, nor the nature of your ſorrows, but methinks you muſt have a good mind."

"I feel myſelf much obliged to you, for your favourable opinion; but the circumſtances of my ſituation, will not permit me to remain here, nor, I hope, long in America, though I am, at preſent, a wanderer; but the return of your peace and happineſs; the ſucceſs of your preſent benevolent plan, and the future welfare of your protogees, will ever be one of my firſt wiſhes, wherever I am."

"Tell me," cried the other, "is there no way, by which I can give you information; you are the principal engine of this undertaking, you muſt be intereſted to know of its progreſs?"

Biddulph gave him Mr. Manly's addreſs at Philadelphia; "that gentleman is my friend, a medical man, and likely to continue

a reſident in that city; from him I can receive every intelligence you will have the goodneſs to communicate, as he will, moſt likely, know my deſtination."

Mr. Fitzwarren, who ſtood holding his hand, ſuddenly run out of the room, and quickly returned with a roll of paper,

"Take this," ſaid he, "'tis the memoir of my misfortunes, which I have conſtantly peruſed, and which has contributed to a malady, I am very ſenſible of at times: now, whilſt I have reſolution, I part with it, and hope, time and employment, may render the recollection leſs painful, when the diſtreſſing events are no longer before me in their full magnitude, they may fade in my memory: 'tis worth the trial, and to you I conſign theſe papers, that have been my daily torment. Thoſe hours dedicated to miſery heretofore, ſhall now be devoted to relieve the wretchedneſs of others. I put the temptation far from me, that I may get out of myſelf, if poſſible."

Biddulph

Biddulph received the papers with ſatisfaction, and having fixed on a correſpondence, and received the neceſſary directions for croſſing the country, they parted with mutual good wiſhes, and ſome regret, except on the part of Andrew, who, having ſtill apprehenſions of the madman, gladly turned his horſe from Old Ben and his maſter.

CHAP. III.

THE day was uncommonly fine; Biddulph rode acroſs the vale, and aſcended a mountain to the left of it. This mountain was not ſo thickly ſpread with trees, as the one on the oppoſite ſide; the proſpect was more extenſive, and, to a ſpeculative traveller, might have afforded the moſt delightful entertainment; but Biddulph, whoſe mind was ſorely oppreſſed by the conſideration of Miſs Franklyn's ſituation: the ſmall chance he

he had of gaining information, and the evils to which ſhe muſt be expoſed, during this long abſence from New-York, was ſo loſt in the painful retroſpection, that he rode over the hills, inſenſible to the ſurrounding beauties.

Andrew, though inattentive to woods and water-falls, was not ſo abſtracted, as to forget the demands of hunger; coming therefore into a beautiful glen, after deſcending a declivity, which was ſomewhat ſlippery and dangerous;

"If your honour pleaſes," ſaid he, "here is a pretty, ſoft, pleaſant ſpot, where we may eat a bit of nice cold meat, old Ben has given me, and which is in a little baſket behind."

Biddulph, turning to ſurvey Andrew, ſaw, in addition to his cloke bag, a ſmall baſket, ſuſpended on one ſide, and a jug on the other; he could not refrain from ſmiling;

"You took care to guard againſt hunger, I ſee."

"Why, yes, your honour; they told me we might ride many a long mile before we ſhould get refreſhment, ſo I was unwilling to refuſe a good offer, and to ſay truth, both myſelf and the horſe are hungry, and here's a plentiful meal for man and beaſt, if your honour will be ſo good to ſtop."

"With all my heart," cried Biddulph, diſmounting, "here is indeed good feeding for the poor animals, and I have no objection to indulging them, and you alſo."

"I hope, ſir, you will be pleaſed to pick a bit too?"

"No," replied his maſter, "I have no appetite."

"Then I'll be ſhot if I touch a morſel; it ſhall never be ſaid that I was ſuch a glutton to

to ſit down and gormandize, whilſt my maſter was faſting; no, no, let the poor beaſts eat if they will, but not a bit will Andrew pick, if ſo be that your honour don't eat: here's a nice jug of wine too; well, no matter, neither of them will fall to my lot, I ſee."

Biddulph could no longer reſiſt this eloquence, he threw himſelf on the graſs, and ordered Andrew to produce his ſtores; an order joyfully obeyed, and when produced, his maſter ſet the example, which the other wanted no perſuaſions to follow.

Biddulph drew out the roll of paper given to him by Mr. Fitzwarren, with an intention to read it, but its bulk, on an inſpection, was too large for a ſlight peruſal, he therefore conſigned it to the cloak bag, for a more favourable opportunity, for he had too many uneaſy thoughts at that time, to give way to the indulgence of curioſity; therefore, when Andrew had gathered up his fragments, and «alled in the horſes, they mounted, and pur-

ſued their journey, which was, in fact, as ſimple as fruitleſs, for after paſſing through ſeveral hamlets, and two townſhips, without obtaining any ſatisfaction, they found themſelves, at night, in a ſmall village, on the borders of a lake, which, when croſſed, was within a few miles of New-York. As they could obtain no paſſage acroſs that night, they were conſtrained to remain at a poor miſerable tavern, among a few ſcattered houſes, and with very indifferent fare.

The day had been very ſultry, and towards the evening the ſky was heavy and lowering; the moon was in its meridian, but the duſky clouds were continually obſcuring its brightneſs, and throwing a gloom over the country, which being thick ſown with trees, the breezes that now and then agitated them, with the beams of the moon ſometimes breaking forth, and at other times being in total obſcurity, all-together threw a ſolemnity over the ſcene, that was in uniſon with Biddulph's feelings: he therefore ordered Andrew to bed,

bed, whilſt he took a ramble in a grove, which was planted on a riſing ground behind the wretched manſion they were in. He had walked ſome time among the trees, when a ſudden ſtorm burſt over his head, and he found it highly neceſſary to quicken his return, where, at leaſt, he might find ſhelter from the weather; but the moon being now entirely enveloped by the heavy clouds, he could not diſtinguiſh the road he had taken, and after walking and running for ſome time, perceived, at a ſmall diſtance, a glimmering light, which gave him hopes he was near the tavern. Guided by this light, he at length came to a ſmall and mean looking habitation, from the little obſervation that the gloom permitted him to make; though convinced this was not the tavern, yet it was no time to ſtand on ceremony, being already wet through; and not knowing the right path to the other, he therefore knocked at the door, and was aſked by a female voice,

" Who

" Who are you, and what's your buſineſs?"

" A friend," he replied, " overtaken by the ſtorm, who has loſt his way from the tavern; be ſo charitable to give me ſhelter from this mercileſs weather."

Preſently he heard a door unlock, and a female figure appeared, but whether old or young, he could not diſtinguiſh, as the candle was at ſome diſtance behind, to preſerve it from the wind.

" You may come in, friend, but we have no bed to give you; a dry room, and a bumper of brandy, is all you can have here."

He accepted the invitation, and followed his conductreſs to a very ſmall mean looking room, and now, by the light, ſaw ſhe was an elderly, but not an ill looking woman; ſhe lighted another candle, and produced the brandy;

" I am

"I am ſorry I can offer you no bed or fire, but we have only one room that has either, and I have a poor gentlewoman there very ill, and confined by a broken leg."

"I am ſorry for her," ſaid Biddulph, "this is a bad place to be confined by ſuch an accident."

He had ſcarcely ſaid theſe words, before a ſudden faintneſs came over him, and he ſunk on the floor. It muſt be remembered, that he was by no means recovered from his wounds; and the weakneſs occaſioned by his delirium and fever, when he ſet off on his journey from New-York; the unprofitable ramble he had made, had vexed and diſconcerted him; the ſtorm which had overtaken him, and which obliged him to exert unuſual ſtrength, to get through the grove, had proved too much for him; fatigue and cold ſuddenly affected him, and before he could announce his being ill, he was ſenſeleſs.

On his recovery, he found himſelf attended by the old woman, and a younger one; they had placed blanketing on the floor, and had given him ſome ſpirits, which recalled him to life; he deſired them not to be frightened, as it was only a temporary ſeizure, occaſioned by fatigue, which would wear off by the time he had reſted an hour or two, when he hoped the ſtorm would abate.

Obſerving the extreme wretchedneſs of the place, he pitied the unfortunate female, who was confined there under ſuch a terrible accident, as required both ſkill and attention; he aſked "if ſhe had every thing neceſſary, and proper medical attendance?"

"Why, as to that, ſir, ſhe has what can be got for her here, and a doctor came from New-York to ſet the bones, but 'tis a bad caſe, he ſays; and beſides, the poor gentlewoman frets, becauſe ſome friends, ſhe was going to at New-York, can't be found."

"Perhaps,"

"Perhaps, ſaid Biddulph, ſhe may want money."

"She has paid for what ſhe has had," replied the youngeſt woman, "but I don't believe ſhe has much more, becauſe the doctor ordered her to drink a good deal of wine, and ſhe ſhook her head yeſterday, ſaying, it was eaſy to order, but not ſo eaſy to obtain; and ſhe is always crying about a cruel ſon."

Biddulph took three guineas from his pocket, which he ſealed up in a bit of paper, with theſe words written with a pencil, "Deign to accept this trifle from a ſtranger; if he can be of farther uſe, freely command him."

This was carried into the other room, and after ſome little time was elapſed, the young woman returned:

"The gentlewoman ſeems much fluſtered, and aſked me a world of queſtions about you, ſir, and at laſt ſaid, ſhe wiſhed to ſee you."

He

He readily followed her to the ſick room; a faint ſcream drew his cloſe attention to the perſon in bed, and in ſpite of time and illneſs, he inſtantly recogniſed the features of Mrs. Biddulph! Surpriſe arreſted his ſteps, and rendered him mute: ſhe was alſo greatly agitated, but recovered her ſpeech ſooner than he did.

"All is diſcovered!" ſaid ſhe, faintly, turning to the woman; "let me ſpeak with the gentleman alone."

She withdrew; Mrs. Biddulph addreſſing herſelf to Henry, who was ſtill ſilent;

"The ſituation you ſee me in, may ſatisfy your revenge, and diſarm your anger."

"I know not what you mean by revenge," anſwered he, "'tis moſt certain I have long deſpiſed your character, and reprobated your conduct; but 'tis your worthleſs ſon muſt dread my revenge; tell me where the villain is,

is, who was born for the ruin of my happineſs?"

"I know not," returned ſhe, "he has left and abandoned me in the hour of miſery; me, who have ſacrificed all for him; my fortune, my country, my friends."

"Friends!" repeated Biddulph, "you ceaſed to have friends from the hour that you loſt your huſband; for you was deſpicable in the eyes of the world, long before that event took place—but I will not upbraid you now, nor are you in a ſituation to ſatisfy my curioſity in many points I wiſh to be informed of; all I requeſt is, ſome clue to guide me in purſuit of your ſon, the pretended Mr. Adams."

"Adams!" exclaimed ſhe, "has he aſſumed the name of Adams? baſe deceiver! tell me, I beſeech you, if you are certain that he has taken that name upon him, a deceitful villain!"

"He

" He is, indeed, the wretch you proclaim him, but methinks it ill becomes you, who have been an aſſociate in his deceits, a ſharer in the ſpoils of infamy, to upbraid and abuſe him; but 'tis ever ſo with the partners of iniquity; no ties, no friendſhip can ſubſiſt, where each holds the other in contempt, and eyes them with ſuſpicion."

He then repeated to her the circumſtances which had taken place at New-York; the flight of him and Sharpley, with Miſs Franklyn.

" Now," added he, " if you can give me any lights, by which I may trace him, I will freely forgive whatever wrongs you may have done me, and will provide for you in future, if you are diſpoſed to lead a regular life."

She pauſed for ſome moments, at length,

" Your unexpected appearance at Philadelphia," ſaid ſhe, " was our ruin: did you ever

ever ſee, or converſe with Mrs. Smith, after the day you was refuſed entrance at her houſe?"

"I did," Biddulph replied, "and know the whole of your deceptions, and cruel treatment of that unfortunate woman, who is haſtening to the grave, a victim to your baſeneſs, though ſhe knows not the extent of her misfortunes, and ſtill believes herſelf the legal wife of Mr. Smith."

"I do not pretend to juſtify my conduct," returned ſhe, "but what could I do; I had forfeited all hopes of living in England, and very ſoon after our arrival in America, my ſon unfortunately fell in with a ſet of gamblers, who ſtripped him of a very conſiderable part of the property we had brought over, by which means, we were under the neceſſity of forming ſome plan for our future ſupport, in a ſtrange country. My ſon took a houſe, and made an appearance, that entitled him to conſideration. Your ſiſter's conduct was ſuch,

ſuch, as diſcharged him from all obligations to her, he therefore thought himſelf at liberty to marry again."

"And by whom?" aſked Mr. Biddulph, greatly agitated, "by whoſe arts was the unhappy Catherine drawn aſide from her duty, and initiated into the practice of vice? O, Mrs. Biddulph, you and your ſon have ruined my faireſt proſpects of domeſtic happineſs; I deſerved not the wicked impoſition practiſed on me, to defraud me of my property, and which hath, eventually, cauſed all the ſubſequent misfortunes that embitter my life; but go on, what is paſt, cannot be recalled."

"Why, then," ſaid ſhe, "he married, and with his wife's fortune, made a figure, but his propenſity to gambling, and other expences, ſoon diſſipated large ſums, and he got much involved again, for he was unlucky at play; his wife began to grow uneaſy, and ſo, as you know, he placed her a little way from the city. One day, as we ſtood at the window,

window, we were aſtoniſhed and ſhocked, by ſeeing you paſs the houſe; we could not be miſtaken, and conſcious guilt made William think you came in purſuit of him. What ſteps to take we knew not, but thought it would be beſt to quit Philadelphia, leſt you ſhould diſcover, and blow us up. We therefore endeavoured, privately, to accumulate what property we could, and ſeldom went out, even to the wood, but in the evenings, for fear of meeting you. William, however, by inquiries, found you went often to Mrs. Franklyn's, and reſolved to give an ill impreſſion of you there, that might render doubtful any evidence you ſhould give againſt him, if you diſcovered us; he therefore wrote a letter againſt you."

"Yes," cried Biddulph, "I know it well; baſe incendiary as he is; I am the victim of his complicated wickedneſs; but go on, proceed."

"Indeed,

"Indeed," returned ſhe, "I am ſo much fatigued with talking, that I muſt reſt a little."

Whilſt ſhe was ſilent, Biddulph viewed her altered face, and the miſerable apartment where ſhe lay; this then, ſaid he, mentally, is the deſerved concluſion of a life ſpent in vice, folly, and diſſipation: from a ſumptuous apartment, a bed of down, and every luxury of life, behold this unhappy woman, reduced by her own baſeneſs, and the iniquity of her own ſon, whoſe vices ſhe indulged and cheriſhed, ſee her now deſerted, probably on the bed of death, obliged to the charity of ſtrangers, for even this poor hovel to cover her head, and without one cheering thought, one conſoling hope, to ſoften the apprehenſions of the fatal ſtroke that muſt terminate all! oh! ye unthinking votaries of vice, behold the fate of the once gay, ſplendid and admired Mrs. Biddulph, and ſhrink from the purſuit of follies, that inevitably lead to deſtruction, ſorrow and remorſe, in that ſtill hour

hour of death, when your gay companions, and the world forſake you!

Having recruited her ſpirits, by a few drops of wine, and a little pauſe, Mrs. Biddulph renewed her narrative.

"Whilſt we were privately preparing for our departure, you was ſeen, more than once, eying our cottage, where William had placed his wife; this further alarmed us, and with other circumſtances, determined our flight; the evening previous to our intended departure, when buſineſs carried us to the cottage, we ſaw you advance, and knock at the door; greatly frightened, I gave the orders you received, and put you off 'till the next day, when I knew we ſhould be off. To conclude, we left Philadelphia at midnight, intending to go for Boſton, and taking the name of Downman. Paſſing through Elizabeth Town, William was taken very ill, and obliged to ſtop; here he met with a Mr. Sharpley, who was very civil to him, and was

on buſineſs there for a few days; he left us a week before we could remove, and I have no doubt, but that they concerted a plan to get rid of me, and become partners in their own ſchemes, for as ſoon as we could travel, William altered his plan of going through New-York, croſſed the river, and told me he ſhould take his route through Suſſex; coming to this place, which I find is to the left of New-York, and near Baſkenridge, I was thrown from my horſe, and broke my leg in two places; the people of this cottage received me into it, and they were obliged to ſend on to New-York for a ſurgeon, during which time, the pain I ſuffered is inexpreſſible. At length he came, but from the ſwelling, it could not then be ſet, nor indeed, till three days afterwards. Mean time, William told me he would go to New-York, and inquire after Sharpley, as he might be of ſervice to us. I was too ill to attend to any thing, and he departed the ſame evening that the accident happened. I was ſurpriſed that two or t ree days paſſed, without his returning, and

on

on the fourth day after my leg was ſet, I begged the ſurgeon, who ſaid he knew Mr. Sharpley, to inquire if Mr. Downman was with him; he brought me for anſwer, that *he had ſeen* Mr. Downman, but that he had been ſet off from the city, for Boſton, two days before, and adviſed me to purſue my journey there as ſoon as poſſible, becauſe Mr. Downman was obliged to go immediately. This information ſhocked me exceedingly, and I concluded he was diſcovered by ſomebody, and obliged to fly. I was not deſtitute of money, but yet, as the doctor told me, my confinement would be a long one, what I had might be expended, and then, how was I to purſue my journey? I ſent again to Mr. Sharpley, he wrote to me, that as ſoon as I was enabled to travel, he would furniſh me with money, and expected to hear from Mr. Downman, when he arrived at Boſton; but that if I valued *my ſafety or life*, I muſt not appear at New-York. Terrified by this anſwer, I had no doubt but that you, or Mrs. Smith, was in purſuit of us, and

therefore entirely exculpated William for leaving me. Three days ago I ſent to Mr. Sharpley for intelligence, and heard he was gone a journey; in this wretched ſtate of fear, pain and ſuſpenſe, you find me, ſtill unable to move, though I have been confined upwards of two months; and the ſurgeon having required ſome money a few days ago, I was obliged to pay him, which has reduced my pocket very low indeed; not having heard from William, has given me the utmoſt inquietude; ſometimes I have thought he had abandoned me, yet I could ſcarcely think he would be capable of ſo much cruelty; my uneaſineſs on that head, joined to the apprehenſion of wanting money in my deplorable ſituation, has, for theſe three laſt days, almoſt deprived me of my ſenſes. The money you ſent, ſurpriſed me, and on inquiry, I was convinced it was an Engliſhman, and not an American, I therefore wiſhed to ſee you, that I might obtain further aſſiſtance, or advice, at leaſt, how to proceed on my journey. In ſhort, I can't exactly ſay what were my motives,

tives, when my curioſity was raiſed, but I little expected to ſee you. And now I have acquainted you with every thing, except that, whilſt we lived at Philadelphia, the Jew, who had the bond againſt you, and who was the only man in England that knew our place of reſidence, wrote us word of your loſſes by fire, and the death of your wife, but did not know what became of you afterwards, and we little thought you would ever come to America. But there is a fate in all things, and my ungrateful ſon, for whom I ſacrificed every thing, is the viper that ſtings me to death."

"That you have *deſerved* your preſent puniſhment," ſaid Biddulph, "muſt be an aggravation to it; you was an ungrateful, neglectful wife; you was unmindful of the duties incumbent on a parent: by an unjuſt and ill-judged partiality, you encouraged the vices of one child, and injured every other connexion—you was guilty of every folly, diſſipation and impoſition, that could diſgrace

a woman. My unhappy ſiſter was ruined by your pernicious example; your amiable daughter, my ever reſpected wife, fell a victim to the crimes and forgeries of you and your ſon, which, by diſtreſſing our circumſtances, threw us into the ſituation in the country, attended with ſo many fatal events. The unfortunate Mrs. Smith, as ſhe calls herſelf, you have ruined, robbed, and deſerted. Such accumulated crimes deſerve, and will meet with a ſevere retribution, according to their magnitude; but I will not arrogate to myſelf what belongs ſolely to the Almighty, the power of puniſhing you: on the contrary, if you can ſincerely repent of all your paſt crimes: if, from a thorough conviction of the enormity of your offences, you feel that ſorrow and compunction which precedes a *true* and *permanant* repentance, I will, with all my ſoul, place you in any eligible ſituation that can be agreed on between us, beyond the reach of future temptations, or the mortifications attendant on poverty and reproach. For the preſent you cannot be removed, but your

your reſidence here ſhall have every comfort that can be annexed to it, if you deſerve it by a ſincere intention to reform your life; yet have a care, do not attempt further impoſitions: *me*, you may deceive, *the Supreme Judge* of our moſt ſecret thoughts, you *cannot*: you are now under his chaſtening hand, *deſerve* mercy by contrition, and you will find it.

Mr. Biddulph would have been far from laying this heavy hand upon a perſon ſuffering under ſuch a calamity as Mrs. Biddulph's, had he not obſerved, both in the words and ſpirit of her narration, more grief, ſpite and anger againſt her ſon, than any due ſenſe of *her own* crimes, or conſciouſneſs that ſhe merited her preſent puniſhment: he therefore did not ſpare her, though as an aunt, as the mother of his late amiable wife, he was deſirous of preſerving her from ſtarving, and of procuring to her the means of leading a more regular life.

She heard him with downcaſt eyes, and a mortified air; but recovering a little from the embarraſſment that ſeized her, ſhe ſaid,

"I do not, indeed, deſerve this conſideration from you, whom I have ſo cruelly injured, but I truſt, my future conduct, if my life is ſpared, will entitle me to hope for your pardon, though I never can atone to you for my crimes."

"Enough, Madam," returned Biddulph, "to *me*, as you obſerve you can make no atonement; but by the ſtrict regularity of your behaviour henceforth, you may obtain pardon from heaven, and already you may aſſure yourſelf of mine."

As he determined to return again to New-York, before he purſued his journey in a different direction, he left with her all the money he could ſpare, and promiſed to procure an aſylum for her, with worthy people, when

when the ſurgeon thought ſhe could be removed without danger.

CHAP. III.

ALTHOUGH the night was pretty far advanced, yet the ſtorm being abated, the moon ſhone with additional brightneſs from her temporary obſcurity, and inclined Biddulph to recover his way to the tavern, where he might be accommodated better than in this poor cottage: beſides, he judged, that if he deferred his return until the morning, Andrew, whom he had ordered to riſe early, would be frightened out of his ſenſes,

to hear he had been abſent all the night. Taking leave therefore of the good women, and recommending Mrs. Downman, as ſhe called herſelf, to their care, they directed him the proper road, through the ſkirts of the wood, and he very ſoon found himſelf at the tavern, the landlord of which was ſitting up for him, very apprehenſive that ſome accident had befallen his gueſt, who took ſuch a ſtrange fancy to run among the woods and groves by moon-light. He quickly retired to bed, leaving his clothes to be aired by the embers of a large wood fire.

He reſted himſelf but a very few hours; before having taken proper information, that he might not again loſe the direct road, Andrew and himſelf were on horſe-back, without the former's being at all acquainted with his maſter's midnight ramble.

They arrived ſafely at New-York, and Biddulph haſtily repaired to Mr. Matthews's, aſhamed of his ſimple expedition and fruitleſs journey,

journey, owing to his obſtinacy in refuſing a guide. Mr. Matthews was ſurpriſed to ſee him, and not leſs glad, for a friend of his had arrived in town the day before, and accidentally mentioned, that he had met Sharpley, with a gentleman, and two ladies, near the Moravian Mill, in a beautiful valley, not far from that village. The carriage, he ſaid, paſſed quickly on, but he ſaw Sharpley in it, with the ladies, and a gentleman, with a man ſervant attending them.

This unexpected information, put Biddulph into high ſpirits, becauſe now he had a clue to trace them by. He ſpeeded away to Mr. Newton's, and recommended Mrs. Downman to them, in his abſence, if ſhe could be removed; and likewiſe waited on the ſurgeon, to entreat his care of her, and ſpeedy removal, when it could be done without danger.

Theſe charitable offices being performed, he returned to Mr. Matthews; and as his late illneſs, and other incidental expences,

had exceeded the ſum he had at firſt limitted for his annual expenditure, he found himſelf under the neceſſity of drawing on Mr. Barrow for a further ſupply.

It was with much perſuaſion he conſented to reſt that night in New-York, little foreſeeing the different turn in his affairs, which fortune was preparing for him. He had not been in bed an hour, when a loud knocking at the door alarmed the family, and Mr. Newton's voice was heard by Biddulph, demanding to know if he had left the city—he ſprung from the bed, opened the window, and announced himſelf.

"Haſten down," cried Mr. Newton, "I have good news for you."

Nothing more was neceſſary to hurry Biddulph; he threw on his clothes, and in a moment was down in the parlour, to which Mr. Newton had been conducted."

"Joy,

" Joy, joy to you, my good ſir, the lady Mr. Sharpley carried off, is found; ſhe is with Mrs. Arnold and Mrs. Neſbitt."

How, how?" exclaimed the other, agitated beyond all power of utterance.

" Why, ſir, ſhe was brought there this evening, by young Mr. Arnold, and another gentleman; the ladies ſent to my houſe, and I came off, late as it was, to bring the good news myſelf."

Joyful emotions are often productive of ſimilar effects to grief; Biddulph, overcome for the minute, threw himſelf into a chair, unable to ſpeak; he ſhook Mr. Newton by the hand moſt heartily; the old gentleman ſeeing his ſituation, haſtily poured out a glaſs of water, which luckily had been left on the ſide-board, and made him drink it, which at once recovered him.

" I am

"I am aſhamed of myſelf," ſaid he, "but the ſurpriſe, the joy, ſo unexpected.—"

"Pray make no excuſes," replied the good man, "good news ſo ſeldom pays one a viſit, that it might well overpower you; from ſad experience I know, that the human frame can poorly ſupport extremes, either of joy or ſorrow; and the one is often ſo quickly followed by the other, that few are the moments appropriated to real pleaſure."

"You alarm me," cried Biddulph."

"Without intending it," returned the other, "I only meant to reſtrain an overflow, which might too greatly agitate your ſpirits."

The entrance of Mr. Matthews, to whom the good news was inſtantly communicated, called forth his congratulations, and Biddulph reſolved to accompany Mr. Newton. They both remonſtrated with him, but in vain.

"Can

" Can you ſuppoſe," ſaid he, " that I ſhall take any reſt; and if not, may I not as well walk to Mr. Newton's, where I ſhall be nearer?"

" But," ſaid the latter, " your company is not deſired until the morning."

" Then the diſtance will be leſſened, however," returned the other.

" So ſay no more, my former bed is unoccupied, I know, and there I muſt go."

" Thank God I am no lover," ſaid Mr. Matthews, ſmiling.

" Then, my dear ſir, you loſe the moſt delicious moments in life, for one hour of hope and joy, over-pays whole ages of pain."

" Ah! Biddulph," cried Mr. Matthews, " your obſervations take their colour from the preſent appearance of things; do not be

too

too ſanguine in your expectations, though I hope nothing will occur to impede the happineſs you expect."

The other ſcarcely attended to him, he was ſo buſied in giving directions to Andrew, who ſtood with his eyes half open, yawning and ſtaring, and comprehending little more than that his maſter was very happy, and that he muſt come to Mr. Newton's by day-break to dreſs his hair.

Biddulph and Mr. Newton took leave of Mr. Matthews, who promiſed to call on them the following day. They were not long in reaching the cottage, and the former threw himſelf into bed, where he lay anticipating the moments, when he was to be bleſt with the ſight of his adored Harriot, and revolving in his mind a thouſand conjectures, relative to her eſcape (for ſo he thought it muſt be) from Sharpley and Adams.

At

At length the morning came, ſo tardy in its approach to the wiſhes of Biddulph; then Andrew was tedious and lazy, contrary to his uſual cuſtom to make him wait; then the people in the houſe were ſo ſlothful; in ſhort, every body was wrong that morning, and determined to vex him. Andrew at length appeared, and called up the family, who were ſoon in motion: breakfaſt was hurried, and Andrew ſinged one curl, and burnt another, in his haſte, for the poor fellow's fingers trembled with joy, and eagerneſs to obey his maſter. All things were at laſt arranged, and with haſty ſtrides, not exactly like "boots of ſeven leagues," but far outſtripping a common pace, he glided away to the wood, reached Mrs. Arnold's houſe, and found it cloſe ſhut up, every ſoul buried in ſleep. This was a diſappointment, enough to vex the moſt patient man alive; he walked round and round the houſe; twice he attempted to knock, then drew back his hand, leſt he ſhould alarm his beloved Miſs Franklyn; mortified and impatient, he paraded before the

the houſe more than half an hour, which, in his eſtimation, was half a day. At length the window ſhutters were opened, the ſervant appeared, and he was at the door. The girl, ſurpriſed to ſee a gentleman ſmartly dreſſed, ſo early, did not preſently recollect him, until he ſpoke; he was then uſhered into the parlour, to wait another half hour; he had tried every chair, and traverſed the room fifty times, before Mrs. Arnold, who was the firſt perſon viſible, entered the parlour; he flew towards her,

"My dear Madam!" was all he ſaid.

"Bleſs me!" cried ſhe, "are you here already?"

"Already!" repeated he, "why I have been here theſe four and twenty hours, by my calculation."

"A lover's imagination," returned ſhe, ſmiling, "they ſay outſtrips the wind; there-

fore,

fore, I can allow for *your calculation*; but to ſay truth, I neither expected, or deſired you ſo ſoon, for neither of our gueſts will make their appearance yet a-while."

"Well then, dear Madam," ſaid he, "have the goodneſs to ſatisfy the impatience of my curioſity, and inform me, by what fortunate occurrences Miſs Franklyn has found an aſylum in your hoſpitable houſe?"

"Why, certainly," anſwered ſhe, "'tis very ſingular that we ſhould have the pleaſure of receiving you both here; and I aſſure you, we conſider it as a peculiar piece of good fortune, that my ſon and his friend, had knight-errantry enough about them, to deliver a diſtreſſed damſel; I will try to recollect the incidents—but luckily," ſaid ſhe, on ſeeing a gentleman approach, "here is one who can relate them better than myſelf."

A very pleaſing looking young man, now entered the room, whom Mrs. Arnold introduced

duced as her ſon; and Biddulph to him, as a gentleman very deeply intereſted in the ſafety of Miſs Franklyn.

"I think myſelf a fortunate man," ſaid Mr. Arnold, "that with the aſſiſtance of my friend, we had the power of being ſerviceable to ſo charming a young woman, whom every man muſt be intereſted for."

Biddulph was delighted with this compliment to his Harriot, and ſaid a hundred civil things in return.

"My dear James," ſaid Mrs. Arnold, "I was on the point of telling a very bungling ſtory, for not being much acquainted with the flights of romance, or repetition of heroic deeds, I ſhould have bundled up a few odd circumſtances, and perhaps have brought the lady here with too little ceremony. Walk, therefore, to the little arbour at the bottom of the orchard, and whilſt you tell your ſtory, I ſhall get the breakfaſt, and

and when Miſs Franklyn comes down, prepare her for your appearance, which, doubtleſs," ſaid ſhe, ſmiling, "is better calculated for the ball-room, than a breakfaſt table."

Biddulph bluſhed at this reproof for his morning finery, which, however, may be deemed a very venial fault in the eyes of lovers not over obſervant of ettiquette. He kiſſed his hand with a ſmiling bow, and followed Mr. Arnold to the arbour.

When they were ſeated, and Biddulph had again warmly thanked Mr. Arnold for his ſervices to Harriot, Arnold prepared to gratify his curioſity, by the following narrative.

"I had ſerved in the troops under the command of General Gates, againſt General Burgoyne, but the very day previous to the ſurrender at Sarratoga, I was ſent out on a foraging party, and unluckily fell in with a party of Indians, who carried me away through the woods to their habitations, a few miles from Albany.

Albany. As I expected death from those fellows, who, during the war, had little regarded friend or foe, in their desire of plunder, I was perfectly indifferent as to place of destination, but on our arrival at their huts—but I beg your pardon," cried Arnold, "all this must be uninteresting to you; I will therefore take up my story where I had the good fortune to meet with Miss Franklyn."

"By no means," replied Biddulph, "do not curtail the relation of those events which happened to you among the Indians; knowing your protogee is perfectly safe, I am desirous of knowing every thing you will have the goodness to communicate."

"Well, then," said Arnold, "if you have a curiosity to know those particulars, I will not long trespass on your patience: to return, therefore; when the Indians arrived at their dwellings, a large party assembled all round me, carefully examining every feature and limb; at length an elderly man advanced

ced, and took my hand, ſaying ſomething to his brethren, which ſeemed to cauſe different emotions among them, and I afterwards found it was occaſioned by his adopting me as his ſon: thoſe who were ferocious, and wiſhed to maſſacre me, were diſpleaſed with the adoption; whilſt others, to whom it ſeemed a matter of indifference, ſmoaked their pipes very quietly, only nodding their heads.

" I was taken by this old man to his hut, and ſoon found I had little to do for him, but go into the wood, fell what was neceſſary for fewel, and attend him now and then with a bow and arrow, to procure food. I had been taught, at an early age, to draw the bow, and the old man was pleaſed with my dexterity. To me, this life was dreadful; cut off from my friends and ſociety; ſeparated, perhaps, for ever, from my mother, and my dear Agnes, I fell into a deep melancholy, which began to prey upon my conſtitution, and rendered me very weak. Hitherto I had always been cloſely watched, ſo that it was impoſ-

ſible for me to attempt an eſcape; but now, ſeeing me ſo weak and ill, they relaxed a little in their attentions, and knowing it was impoſſible I could go far, I was permitted, now and then, to take my bow and arrows, and go into the wood alone. The diſorder hung ſo heavy on my ſpirits, that I was almoſt careleſs of life. One evening, as I was ſitting on the trunk of a tree, two Indians paſſed, with a white man I had never ſeen before; they ſtopped and aſked me one or two queſtions, whilſt the man, and myſelf, viewed each other with ſympathy; I ſpoke to him in Engliſh; he replied with difficulty, that he underſtood ſcarcely any thing of that language; he was, by birth, a Frenchman: I told him that I was well acquainted with the language, he was delighted, and told me misfortunes had driven him to ſeek an aſylum in America, where he had been pillaged and ruined by ſome foreign troops, in Engliſh pay, which had induced him to take up arms againſt them. In a battle he was dangerouſly wounded, and left for dead; in that condition

he

he was taken up by ſome ſtraggling Indians, who came to pillage the dead; they took him away with them: he had been like myſelf, adopted and kept cloſe priſoner ever ſince. This ſimilarity of fortune, created a ſympathy between us; the Indians with him were good-natured, they ſat down, and permitted us to converſe freely, and we agreed, if poſſible, to meet every evening. Having ſo unexpectedly met with a companion in misfortune, gave ſome relief, and a new turn to my thoughts; I took care not to mention the occurrence, or to appear in better ſpirits, that I might not be prohibited my ſolitary walks.

" For ſeveral following evenings, my new acquaintance, with his two friendly Indians, met me, and we began to lay a plan for eſcaping. He told me there were, at a different part of the wood, two Engliſh horſes, which the Indians had brought away from Albany, but made no uſe of them; if, therefore, we could get any thing by way of halter, and

once get on their backs, we might elude purſuit, and get to ſome town in ſafety. This ſcheme dwelt upon our minds, and as the Indians had long pillaged every thing they could find, on a ſearch among their huts, I diſcovered ſome ropes, which I conveyed away unſeen to the wood. One evening, towards the cloſe of day, and when the moon was nearly full, as I was waiting for my friend, I ſaw him dart haſtily through the trees;"

"Follow me inſtantly," he cried.

I obeyed without heſitation, and going towards a thicket, I beheld the two horſes at a little diſtance; I had taken up my ropes, and had alſo my bow and arrow; we pierced through the wood, and ſoon caught the horſes, and threw the ropes over their heads, in the form of a halter."

"Follow me," ſaid my friend, the only word he had ſpoken during our flight.

"We rode on very briſkly, as faſt as the difficulty of clearing the woods, would admit of, and without ſpeaking for three or four hours, I believe; we then began to ſlacken our pace."

"Do you think," ſaid he, "that you will be miſſed this evening?"

"Probably not," I replied, "for they have been ſo accuſtomed to my ſolitary rambles, and have ſo little idea that I am capable of running away, that they ſcarce ever trouble their heads about me, but in the mornings, when we generally meet."

"Then," returned he, "we are ſafe, for one of my guard met with an accident to day, in a fall over a ſtump of a tree, and diſlocated his ſhoulder; his friend is with him, and I told them I ſhould go to my hut, not being well enough to walk; therefore, I am confident, we are now in ſafety, and may go on ſecurely; by many caſual inquiries, I have

pretty well informed myſelf of the road, and we ſhall ſoon get to ſome village or town-ſhip."

This was good news, as our horſes were not the ſwifteſt goers, or the moſt tractable beaſts in the world; they ſeemed conſcious our reins were by no means commanding, and therefore took their own time. After paſſing through a foreſt of fir trees, we came to the banks of the Hudſon, and croſſing the ferry, without ſtopping to admire the enchanting views on each ſide its banks, we came to the town of Albany. Here we congratulated each other on our ſafety, and alighting at a tavern, or inn, were received with kindneſs and hoſpitality. Money we had none, but making our ſituation known, we were preſently ſupplied with ſufficient for our wants, had we not experienced the ſame friendlineſs in every other town. Here we reſted for ſeveral hours; my friend, whoſe connexions lay in Providence, ſeemed inclined to croſs the country from this place, but I

perſuaded him to accompany me to New-York, from whence he might eaſily get a paſſage to Providence. It was with much difficulty I ſucceeded, for he had been long ſeparated from his friends, and under great anxiety for their health; but being a ſtranger to the country, and alone, he was at length perſuaded to oblige me, and moſt fortunately for our ſubſequent exploits, was his compliance.

"When we reſumed our journey, a gentleman in the Inn where we reſted, obligingly furniſhed us with a pair of piſtols, and ſome balls; our bows and arrows we retained, and faſtened them to our backs; thus accoutered, we took leave of our kind entertainers.

"I had written to my mother, the firſt moment I arrived at Albany, and waited on the commanding officer there, who, on hearing my ſtory, very readily gave me leave of abſence.

" Thus, perfectly at liberty, we proceeded, by eaſy ſtages, towards New-York; as nothing particular occurred, except ſometimes loſing our way, and taking roads which frequently impeded our journey, I ſhall paſs over the ſeveral towns, woods and foreſts we went through, until we arrived at a beautiful valley, at the bottom of a high mountain, and cloſe to a hamlet called the Moravian-Mill. Here we ſaw a carriage, and two men on horſe-back, who appeared going to the village; we rode up pretty quick towards them, influenced by curioſity alone, when, as we drew near, a Lady put out her head, exclaiming,

" Save me, ſave me from a villain!"

" We ſaw ſhe was forcibly drawn back, and a blind put up. My friend rode, with his piſtol cocked, to the head of the horſes, whilſt I made up to the ſide."

" Stop,"

"Stop," we cried, to the driver, "ſtop, or you are a dead man."

"With all my heart," ſaid he, alighting, and holding the horſes, "for I don't like the buſineſs at all."

"The man in the chaiſe fired at me, but happily miſſed; the two horſemen rode up; my friend inſtantly fired, and wounded one in the ſhoulder, who fell from his horſe, the other gallopped off; the driver, mean-time, had cut the traces of the horſes; we ſurrounded the chaiſe; two ladies and a gentleman were in it;"

"How dare you aſſault us in this manner?" ſaid he, "this lady is my wife, this my ſiſter; my wife was going—"

"No, no," ſaid the young one, ſtruggling to ſpeak, "no wife, no wife."

"Here is ſome vilany," cried my friend, pulling open the chaiſe door; the man leveled another piſtol at him, which happily I knocked down with the but end of mine, and in the ſame inſtant it went off, and wounded him in the leg; the ſenſation threw him off his guard, and the young lady ſtruggling with the old one, freed herſelf from their hold, and was received into the arms of my friend; bidding the driver mind the wounded man on the ground, I jumped into the chaiſe, and pointing my piſtol to the breaſt of the other, which I dared not fire before, leſt I ſhould hurt the young lady, I demanded to know what ſcheme they were upon, and where they deſigned to carry the lady; before he could ſpeak, the old woman cried out, wringing her hands,

"O, pray don't kill us, ſhe is my ward, and ſhe is going to be married; no hurt was intended to her."

"I had

"I had taken up the fallen piſtol, and diſcovered another, which I ſecured alſo; and being certain they could do no further miſchief, I went to the lady; in a few words ſhe told the villany deſigned againſt her, and we heartily rejoiced that we had ſo providentially met them, by loſing our direct road; the man on the ground, ſhe ſaid, called himſelf Adams."

"Adams!" repeated Biddulph, "wretch as he is, then he is at laſt overtaken."

"The woman in the coach, was, indeed, her guardian, and wanted to force her into a marriage with the one by her ſide, whoſe name was Sharpley. They had trepanned her from the houſe, and had fabricated a ſtory on the road, that ſhe was Sharpley's wife, and had run away with an Engliſh officer, and being diſcovered by his ſiſter, they had taken her off from the Engliſh, and were carrying her home.

" This artful ſtory had prejudiced the people againſt her, where they had ſtopped on the road, and therefore ſhe had reſolved to cry out for aſſiſtance, if ſhe met any paſſengers. Aware of this, they had taken round-about roads, and had only met one perſon, by whom they paſſed ſo ſwiftly, that ſhe had no opportunity to ſpeak, before we appeared. Sharpley ſeeing us, ſwore if ſhe uttered one word, he would blow her brains out; not intimidated, ſhe cried for help; he drew her back, and pulled out a piſtol, but either had not time, or was too cowardly to fire it; and the ſubſequent tranſactions I have already repeated.

" We now drew near to Adams, and found him more dangerouſly wounded, than we at firſt apprehended; he groaned violently, and as Sharpley was unable to walk, we propoſed to the old lady to quit the carriage, and let them be taken together to the village. Pale and trembling, ſhe deſcended, the other was put in; the traces we mended, ſo as to drag

drag them ſlowly to the village, and leading our horſes, we accompanied the ladies.

At the Moravian-Mill, which is an eſtabliſhment of a new ſect, ſomething between Methodiſts and Roman Catholics, I hear, we were hoſpitably received; the wounded men were taken care of; Sharpley's was a trifling hurt, but the other, we were told, was in eminent danger, from the direction of the ball, and the difficulty there would be in extracting it; the great effuſion of blood alſo, had weakened him ſo much, that in all probability the experiment would be fatal. God knows what degree of ſkill this medical man might have in wounds, but there was no other aſſiſtance to be procured. When he was informed, at his own requeſt, of his dangerous ſituation, he requeſted to ſpeak with Miſs Franklyn; ſhe refuſed, unleſs accompanied by us, which, with ſome reluctance, he acceeded to.

"But," added young Arnold, "here comes my mother, breakfaſt is ready, the ladies are viſible, and I muſt poſtpone the concluſion."

Biddulph ſtarted up, and met Mrs. Arnold, at that moment forgetting his obligations to her ſon for preſerving his miſtreſs.

"Come," ſaid ſhe, "there is a large party aſſembled; I have prepared the way for you, ſo pray do me credit, and behave like a rational man, and not like a romantic lover, though, to be ſure, your adventures border upon the marvellous."

Biddulph's heart was too full for ſpeech; he raiſed her hand to his lips, and walked quickly on, 'till he came to the parlour door, he then involuntarily ſtopt; the idea of meeting Harriot in a room full of company, required an exertion of ſpirits, and a command of feelings, which he feared he was unequal to; but after heſitating two or three minutes, he

he followed Mrs. Arnold into the room, ſhe introducing him.

He ſaw no one but Miſs Franklyn, who ſat fronting the door; with agitated ſteps he haſtened to her, and in a tremulous tone, congratulated *her* on her deliverance, and *himſelf* for the unexpected happineſs of ſeeing her in that houſe.

Harriot was not leſs confuſed than himſelf; ſhe bowed, and in a voice, ſcarce audible, thanked him.

Mrs. Neſbitt, obſerving them, cried out, in a gay tone,

"Turn your eyes, my good friend, and ſalute the reſt of the company, who are impatient for their breakfaſt, and wiſh all ſuch ceremonials at Conſtantinople."

Recovering himſelf, he payed his reſpects to Mrs. Neſbitt, and looking round, to his utter

utter aſtoniſhment, beheld Mrs. Bailey, who threw down her eyes, over-whelmed with confuſion, and ſome *ſmall* remains of vexation; he bowed to her, however, and ſaluting a gentleman Mr. Arnold introduced as his friend, he turned to Miſs Neſbitt, whoſe countenance, all glowing and animated, eyes ſparkling with pleaſure, ſcarcely left any traces of the grave ſentimental Agnes, he had been accuſtomed to ſee.

"I congratulate you, my dear Miſs Neſbitt," ſaid he, "on an alteration ſo ſudden, and ſo improving in your countenance."

She bluſhed.

"You are malicious," returned her mother, ſmiling, "but heed him not, Agnes, you will have your revenge."

They were ſoon ſeated at breakfaſt, and every one ſeemed in perfect good humour, except Mr. Arnold's friend, and Mrs. Bailey;

ley; a cloud ſeemed to hang upon their brows, and in the courſe of the repaſt, the former mentioned his wiſh to leave New-York the following day. Mr. Arnold entreated him to ſpend a week with him.

"Excuſe me, my dear ſir," replied he, "I am ſenſible of your kindneſs, but my mind is torn by a thouſand apprehenſions: in Providence I left a wife, a child, and a friend; whether all, or any of them exiſt, I know not: and when I think of the thouſand accidents that may have happened in my long abſence, doubtleſs, believing me dead, you will, I am ſure, pardon me, if I am impatient to return, and learn my fate; the happineſs or miſery of which, muſt depend upon the welfare of thoſe I love."

There was ſomething in this reply, that called up the attention of Mr. Biddulph, and for a moment, drew his eyes from Miſs Franklyn: it brought to his recollection, the ſtory of Leonora, which had been communicated

nicated to him by Mr. Collyer, at Bethlehem; there was a ſimilarity in the circumſtances, that greatly affected him; good heavens, thought he, if this ſhould be the Abbe, ſuppoſed dead; if he ſhould go to Providence, a long journey, and then be ſent back to Bethlehem, to find all his hopes blaſted; his deareſt connexions no more, what will become of him! whilſt Biddulph looked at him, a temporary gloom fell over his features, which was obſerved by Mr. Arnold, with ſome ſurpriſe; but willing to diſperſe the cloud, he propoſed a ramble in the woods, after their repaſt was finiſhed, which met with general approbation, Mrs. Neſbitt and Mrs. Bailey excepted, who excuſed themſelves from the walk, the one being buſy, and the other, from not being well: indeed, like Milton's fallen Angel, ſhe ſickened at the ſight of happineſs ſhe had endeavoured to prevent, and looked with malicious eyes on a pair ſhe had ſtrove to have ſeparated for ever.

Mrs.

Mrs. Arnold, and the young folks, however, very readily equipped themſelves for their walk; ſhe took the arm of the ſtranger; Miſs Neſbitt readily laid hold of Mr. Arnold's, and Miſs Franklyn was compelled to accept the offered arm of Biddulph, though both were extremely agitated, and did not preſently recover the power of ſpeech.

As they were ſoon ſeparated among the trees, Biddulph, aſſuming more reſolution, congratulated Miſs Franklyn a ſecond time on her eſcape from the ſnares of Sharpley. adding, that Mr. Arnold had related to him every circumſtance, down to the moment when Adams, being informed of his danger, requeſted to ſpeak with her. Harriot, glad to have a ſubject for converſation, readily offered to repeat the concluſion of her adventures, and went on in the following words.

" Having inſiſted upon the gentlemen being preſent, I entered his room, though with ſome repugnance; but the firſt view diſarmed

diſarmed my anger, for never was a man ſo entirely altered within a few hours; I ſhuddered to look at him."

"Do not fear me," ſaid he, "they tell me the extracting of the ball may be attended with danger; and I believe, indeed, my career is at at end; therefore, to you I am willing to confeſs all my crimes. From my youth to the preſent day, I ever hated and and envied my couſin Harry. You know me for what I am, nor can you think worſe of me than I deſerve: I had no taſte for any thing but extravagance and diſſipation, and in this I was encouraged by the example of my mother, whoſe follies were unbounded. I ſhared with Henry in his liberal allowance, beſides ſpending my own; and when we left ſchool, and my father revealed to me the derangement of his affairs, the eaſy affluence of Henry was a dagger to my ſoul, and increaſed my hatred. By the advice of my mother, after he had left England, I run away with, and married his ſiſter, who had none

none of his virtues, though ſhe might have turned out better, had ſhe fell into different hands—but we both agreed in folly, and were ſoon over-whelmed with debts: About which time, Henry came to England, and unexpectedly entered the houſe, at the moment when I was arreſted for ſome hundreds—by his ſiſter's entreaties, he gave a bond, and freed me. But I went on in the ſame manner; 'tis needleſs to enter into particulars; my father died, my reſources were ſmall, my mother, equally extravagant, diſpoſed of her income, and we rioted on the laſt penny, when we were arreſted and thrown into priſon: my wife left me, and went to reſide with a nobleman: my caſe I thought deſperate and hopeleſs, therefore entered into the ſpirit of the place; when, one day being diſtreſſed, I ſent to the Jew, who had Henry's bond, requeſting he would ſpare me a few guineas, until I could raiſe ſome money; he came, and propoſed a plan, which, at firſt, ſtartled me, that of altering the ſums due on the bond; he ſaid he had a fellow capable of doing it,

that

that the niceſt eye never could diſcover. I conſented, it was done, that I myſelf could not have known the forgery. I was taken out of priſon, my debts compounded, and a handſome ſum in my pocket, my mother the ſame. We agreed to leave England, for fear of diſcoveries, and gave out we were going to India. We arrived in America, and ſoon, by the ſame courſe of life, involved ourſelves in difficulties. I paid my addreſſes to a young woman of fortune, and married her, but ſhe began to find fault with my mode of living, I therefore parted with her, and ſaw her but ſeldom; the ſame ill luck attended me, and I was involved over head and ears in debt. One day my eyes were blaſted by the ſight of Biddulph, whoſe loſſes, and the death of his wife, we had been informed of, but nothing relative to himſelf: conſcience ſmote me directly, I concluded the fraud had been diſcovered, and that he was come in purſuit of me. I took all precautions to avoid him, and underſtanding he was intimate at your houſe, I wrote a letter againſt him; my mother

ther and myſelf determined to fly; we turned every thing into money, deſerted my wife, and one night turned our backs on Philadelphia, without any fixed plan where to reſide. Boſton, we thought, would be moſt diſtant from him, and was in the hands of the Americans, but we were told, that from New-York we could get the eaſiſt conveyance; knowing but little of the country, we ſpeeded away; arriving at Elizabeth-Town, I was taken ill; here I met Sharpley; we went to cards, and talking about different matters, we ſoon underſtood each other; he commended my ſkill, and ſaid I might ſoon make a fortune at New-York. I reſolved then to get rid of my mother, who was a clog to me, and might always lead to a diſcovery, ſo I concerted with Sharpley, and when I was able to renew my journey, croſſed the river, with an intention to go on to New-Windſor, and leave her there, but on the road ſhe fell from her horſe, and broke her leg; ſhe was taken into a cottage, and there I left her, I believe to die. I went to New-York, and accompanied

panied Sharpley ſoon after to Staten-Iſlands, and other places, that ſhe might gain no intelligence of me. When firſt ſhe ſent, he informed her I had left the country, and whilſt we were abſent, a perſon came, who ſaid ſhe was in a dying ſtate; but Sharpley was not at home, nor could they tell when he would: after this we returned, he had a letter from Mrs. Bailey, offering him your hand and fortune, if he would give her two thouſand pounds for her life, aſſuring him, you had near ten, though ſhe had not let you into every thing; but the will being depoſited with the miniſter at Philadelphia, when you come of age, you would know every thing, unleſs ſhe could marry you up. Sharpley agreed to every thing, and I was rejoiced to find this was done to diſappoint Biddulph. You arrived, and as I thought all went well, when one day I was again confounded by the ſight of him; he followed me, it ſeems, from the ſtreet to my houſe; impudence was my only ſupport, and I braved him to his face, that I was a ſtranger—he left me, vowing vengeance;

geance; haunted by my evil genius thus, I was worked up to deſtroy him, and hired two deſperate fellows for that purpoſe; they failed in the attempt, and then I perſuaded Sharpley to take you off to ſome ſolitary place, and—and—oblige you to marry him; Mrs. Bailey readily joined in the ſcheme—what follows, you know; and now my multifarious life, I fear, draws near to a period; I have no one friend to conſole me, not one good action to reflect on, nor the exerciſe of a ſingle virtue that could benefit myſelf or others, to ſpeak peace to my mind. All my connexions I have injured and ruined, and ſo depraved is my heart, that even now I regret the poſſibility of Biddulph's ever being happy. Mrs. Smith, poor deluded creature! my mother! ah! ſhe deſerves to ſuffer; whether dead or living, I know not, but her blameful indulgence firſt encouraged me in vice; her precepts, her example, plunged me boldly into it, to her ruin and my own. And now, now, what is the conſequence, I neither hope for, nor deſerve mercy."

"Here,"

"Here," added Miſs Franklyn, "he gave ſeveral heavy groans, and preſently ſpringing up in the bed, began to tear his hair, and utter the moſt dreadful imprecations. I flew out of the room, extremely terrified, and it was near two hours before the gentlemen returned; they told me he had been in moſt dreadful convulſions, and now lay quite exhauſted; the doctor was ſent for, but found it impoſſible to perform any operation, and was fearful the agitation of his ſpirits would bring on a fever and mortification. By the next morning his fears were confirmed, the mortification came rapidly on, and his caſe was hopeleſs; in this ſtate he deſired to ſee Sharpley and Mrs. Bailey; with great difficuly we perſuaded them to comply; Mr. Arnold accompanied them, but he could ſcarcely ſpeak; what he did ſay, was horrid and terrifying, not ſuch as could be repeated to me, and threw them into the moſt alarming tremblings; he was again ſeized with convulſions, and expired before them, in the moſt terrible agonies imaginable! they were carried

ried fainting from the dreadful ſcene, which was now cloſed for ever!"

Biddulph, exceſſively ſhocked, turned his face from Miſs Franklyn, and walked a few paces by himſelf;

"Poor miſerable William!" exclaimed he, "may heaven have mercy on thee: my forgiveneſs follows thee to the grave. Alas! thy errors originated from the too gentle, too ſupine diſpoſition of a father, and the unbounded vicious diſſipations of a vain unprincipled mother. The negative virtues of the one, and the active vices of the other, entailed miſery on themſelves, and wretchedneſs on thee!"

He could not preſently recover himſelf, and turned more than once towards Miſs Franklyn, and was obliged to avert his face from her; ſhe was much moved herſelf, and by no means diſpleaſed with ſuch genuine marks of ſenſibility, as ſhe thought did honour

to the goodneſs of his heart. To afford him an opportunity of recovering, ſhe continued her narrative.

" Every ſyllable that the unhappy William had repeated to us, Mr. Arnold retold to Sharpley and Mrs. Bailey, whom he upbraided without mercy, and declared he would publickly expoſe; both detected, were as mean in their ſupplications, as they had been bold in their impoſitions; Sharpley promiſed to reform, and attach himſelf cloſely to his profeſſion; Mrs. Bailey came voluntarily, and offered to reſign her power over me, which ſhe confeſſed ſhe had acquired by ſiniſter means, leading my dear mother to believe, " that without *her care*, I ſhould certainly throw myſelf away upon an adventurer;" ſhe therefore entreated my pardon for her duplicity; ſaid the dreadful death of Mr. Adams, as he called himſelf, had awakened her to a ſenſe of her faults, and ſhe was willing to attone for them in any manner I ſhould point out. I was charmed with this alteration

alteration in her ſentiments, and aſſured her, that whilſt ſhe was thus reaſonable, I would do nothing of conſequence without conſulting her.

" The gentlemen gave every neceſſary direction for the laſt offices due to the remains of the unhappy deceaſed man, whom the Moravian brethren, with great humanity, promiſed to inter in their burying ground. Mr. Arnold requeſted me to accompany him to his mother's; and as Sharpley ſeemed inclined to remain at the village a few days, until his wound, which was but ſlight, ſhould be cured; Mrs. Bailey accepted a ſimilar invitation, being undetermined whether ſhe ſhould return to her former reſidence or not; and I readily promiſed to conceal her ſhare in the late adventure. We happily arrived here without any accident, and judge, how greatly I was ſurpriſed to find, in Mr. Arnold's mother and friends, the ladies to whom you had been ſo much obliged—the diſcovery produced an immediate meſſage to Mr. Newton,

and moſt fortunately arrived in time to prevent you a fruitleſs journey."

Miſs Franklyn having finiſhed her relation of the preceding events, Biddulph ſeized the opportunity of congratulating himſelf, that the juſtice which the wretched William had done to his character, would do away all doubts of his veracity, and permit him to hope, that his ſubſequent conduct alſo, might intitle him to ſolicit, and cultivate the eſteem of his beloved Miſs Franklyn; his future expectations of happineſs hung ſuſpended on her approbation, and from her hands he muſt receive a confirmation of his beſt hopes in life, or be doomed to wretchedneſs for ever.

"My good opinion, ſir," ſaid ſhe, "you have ever poſſeſſed, ſince I had firſt the pleaſure of knowing you, and my belief of your integrity, ſcarcely needed the confirmation it has received: ever accuſtomed to ſpeak the ſimpleſt truth, I will not affect to deny the pleaſure I experience from this unexpected meeting,

meeting, and from the alteration which has taken place in Mrs. Bailey's conduct, I flatter myſelf you will have ſufficient opportunities of knowing me better, and whether, on that better knowledge, a ſimilarity of diſpoſitions may give a promiſe of future happineſs."

She roſe from her ſeat on concluding theſe words, to interrupt the raptures Biddulph had begun to pour forth.

"Let us join our friends," added ſhe, "I hate fine ſpeeches."

They ſoon met their company, and a univerſal ſatisfaction reigned in every face but the ſtranger, who accompanied young Arnold, and whom he called Monſieur Dorante. The ladies houſe not being ſufficiently large to accommodate the whole party, Mr. Biddulph invited the French gentleman to accompany him to Mr. Newton's; Mrs. Arnold inſiſted upon Miſs Franklyn and Mrs. Bailey's remaining with her, until they had

determined on a future plan; the gentlemen, ſhe ſaid, might ſleep where they pleaſed, ſhe only requeſted their company at *proper hours* in the day; not, added ſhe, ſmiling, to have our houſe reconnoitered before the family are awake.

"Indeed," cried Biddulph, "I ought to make many apologies, but if the *cauſe* of my rudeneſs is not admitted as a ſufficient one, I have no other to offer for my impertinence this morning."

"Ah! very well," returned ſhe, "you know what one of your poet's ſays,"

"The faults of love, by love are juſtified."

"And having your apology before us, you ſtand *ſufficiently* acquitted."

A moſt delightful day was ſpent at this hoſpitable houſe, and every one ſeemed to regret the neceſſity for ſeparating; but Mrs. Arnold, without

without ceremony, reminded them of the hour, by inviting them to breakfaſt the following morning.

Biddulph, Arnold, and Monſieur Dorante, took an unwilling leave, and repaired to Mr. Newton's, where the two former arrived in high ſpirits; the latter told them he ſhould wait on the ladies in the morning, but that it would be a flying viſit, to take leave only, as he intended ſetting off that day for Providence, if he could get any conveyance. Mr. Arnold earneſtly preſſed him to ſtay a few days, but he reſiſted his entreaties with great firmneſs.

"Do not aſk me," ſaid he, "I muſt go, my heart is torn with fear, doubt and ſuſpenſe; either happineſs or miſery hangs on one ſingle circumſtance, and I am impatient to have it decided."

The more Biddulph heard this gentleman ſpeak, the ſtronger were his ideas confirmed, and after pauſing a few minutes, he aſked,

"Did you reſide at Providence, ſir?"

"No," replied the other, "I know only one family in it, but that family is all the world to me."

"Pardon my curioſity, ſir, did you know a Mr. Colyer?"

He ſtarted, and gazing earneſtly on Biddulph,

"Know him," he exclaimed, "yes, he is the only friend I have; O, ſir, if you know him, tell me; does he live? what is his family? who reſides with him?"

He gaſped for breath, and ſeized Biddulph's hand with inexpreſſible agitation.

"Compoſe

"Compoſe yourſelf, my dear ſir," returned the other, "and I will inform you of every thing you wiſh to know."

"Oh, heavens!" cried Dorante, "what am I to hear? only ſay; tell me, does he live? does any lady live with him? O, anſwer that."

His looks were ſo extremely wild, that Biddulph more than half repented that he ſaid ſo much, but it was now impoſſible to retreat, therefore, endeavouring to collect himſelf, he replied,

"Mr. Colyer is, I believe, living, and he has a friend, a French lady, whom he eſteems as a ſiſter; but—"

"Bleſſed, bleſſed news!" exclaimed the Abbe; (for he it was) ſir, ſir, you have—you have," he uttered faintly, and ſunk on the floor.

Much alarmed, they called for help, and by the aſſiſtance of Mr. Newton, he was ſoon recovered, and placed in an eaſy chair; he looked up to Biddulph,

"Excuſe this womaniſh weakneſs; I am a huſband, a father—I left the deareſt, beſt of women—my paſſions have ever been impetuous—I beſeech you, ſir, tell me when, and how you left them."

Biddulph had now a painful taſk to perform; when he quitted Bethlehem, there were very ſmall hopes of Leonora's life; he had not heard from Mr. Colyer ſince, yet it would be cruel to acquaint him with her danger, or his doubts of her exiſtence; from what he had heard and ſeen, the paſſions of the Abbe were tremblingly alive, and incapable of bearing intelligence that muſt ſo deeply affect them, he therefore was under a neceſſity of ſoftening his relation for the preſent.

The

The Abbe obſerved the heſitation of the other, and watched his countenance with eagerneſs.

"What have you to tell me?" aſked he, "ſpeak, ſpeak, I beſeech you, ſir, my ſoul ſickens at ſuſpenſe."

Biddulph then entered upon his arrival at Bethlehem; his meeting Mr. Collyer, and ſeeing Leonora, whom he deſcribed as pale and delicate, without mentioning her fainting or illneſs, but as the effect of her anxiety on her huſband's account, whom ſhe believed dead: he was obliged to acknowledge the death of the child (which evidently affected the poor father greatly, and convinced Biddulph he could not bear even the doubt of an event, of more conſequence to his happineſs) but concluded with ſaying, that Mr. Collyer had the ſame affection for Leonora, as if ſhe was his daughter, and that every endeavour of his, was exerted to reſtore her to health and peace.

"Beſt of friends!" cried the Abbe, "how great are my obligations to him! my deareſt tendereſt wife, what has ſhe not ſuffered from my imprudence; but to-morrow I will fly to remove her apprehenſions, and ſpeak peace to her mind: yet alas! I am a bankrupt in my fortunes, and cannot reſtore her to eaſe and comfort—my poor child too—well, heaven knows beſt, he muſt have been a beggar, for I could not provide for him, and when I embrace my wife, and ſee my friend, I carry only another incumbrance on his generoſity—that—that reflection is not to be borne, better I had remained with the Indians!"

Biddulph and Arnold exerted themſelves to conſole, to reconcile him to himſelf, and the former beſought him moſt earneſtly, to let him write to Mr. Collyer, that Leonora might be prepared to receive him, and that he might judge, from the return to that letter, how dear he was to them both. But he poſitively declared he would ſet off the following day; no conſiderations ſhould impede his

his journey after the morning appeared, and he reſiſted every argument or perſuaſion they could make uſe of.

They retired to bed, variouſly affected; Arnold and the Abbe had only one room between them, though two beds in it, Mr. Newton not having accommodations for three.

About four in the morning, when Biddulph had juſt dropped into a ſlumber, he was ſuddenly awakened by Arnold, who told him the Abbe was extremely ill, in a high fever, and quite delirious: he jumped out of bed, and throwing on a wrapping gown, followed him to the room: Mr. and Mrs. Newton were already there: he knew none of them; talked wildly of his wife and child; his houſe and property deſtroyed; then addreſſed himſelf, as if to Mr. Collyer; in ſhort, he was entirely deranged.

Mr.

Mr. Newton, who had formerly been a little acquainted with ſurgical operations, undertook to bleed him, if he could be properly diſpoſed for it, rightly judging, that his indiſpoſition aroſe from the violent agitation of his ſpirits, more than from any diſorder; with much perſuaſion and difficulty, the operation was performed, until he fainted. On recovery, he ſeemed very low; Mrs. Newton undertook to watch by him, and deſired the gentlemen would return to their beds.

Biddulph was much intereſted for this unfortunate man, and dreaded the event of an inquiry after his wife, if ſhe ſhould no longer exiſt. They paſſed the remainder of the night without ſleep, and in the morning found the poor Abbe more quiet, but his fever ſtill high; a phyſician was ſent for, and in the intermediate time, Biddulph wrote to Mr. Collyer, repeating the preceding circumſtances, and requeſting to know whether Leonora was alive or not, or how he ſhould reveal

reveal the particulars of her ſituation to her huſband.

This letter he inſtantly diſpatched, and on entering the ſick man's room, was much concerned to hear, that the doctor thought him in ſome danger, and had given orders to have him kept extremely quiet. Mrs. Newton kindly offered to nurſe him, and as they could be of no ſervice, they prepared to pay their reſpects to the ladies in the wood.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

ON their arrival pleaſure danced in every eye, for they had been long expected, and were obliged to aſſign the cauſe of their apparent negligence. Every one ſympathized with the unfortunate Abbe, and all were equally anxious for an anſwer to Biddulph's letter, which they thought would decide his deſtiny. Mrs. Bailey ſeemed particularly attentive to the account of the Moravian inſtitution, and ſoon after retired to her room. Biddulph obſerved, "that ſhe looked very dejected."

"She

"She is really ſo (anſwered Miſs Franklyn;) ſhe is ſo humbled by having all her ſchemes expoſed, and at being detected in ſo baſe a contrivance with Sharpley, that, like moſt other violent perſons, whoſe bad conduct is publicly known, ſhe is ſo mean in her ſubmiſſions, ſo abject in her repentance, that whilſt I endeavour to convince her of my entire forgiveneſs, I cannot but deſpiſe her."

Miſs Franklyn had ſcarce done ſpeaking when a ſervant entered, and ſaid, "Mrs. Bailey wiſhed to ſpeak with Mr. Biddulph in the garden." Thither he attended her. She was walking much agitated. Seeing him advance, ſhe ſaid, "I have done you much injury, Sir, yet certainly was in ſome degree impoſed upon myſelf: I am now convinced, by the teſtimony of that wretch Adams, that you are a Gentleman, and a man of fortune; if therefore Harriot Franklyn likes you, I will no longer prevent your union. There, Sir, in that paper you will find my conſent firmly

firmly given to your union, if ſhe approves of it; and now I will tell you my plan, in which you may be ſerviceable to me. Neither in New-York or Philadelphia can I live with credit to myſelf, for I know the ſtory will get about, and I ſhall be pointed at, and I can't bear it. I have long been a friend to the Moravian principles. What you have ſaid of their inſtitution at Bethlehem inclines me to go there, if I could be recommended to Mr. Collyer, and all my late conduct remain unknown. Now, Sir, tell me, have you generoſity enough to be my friend?"

"Can you doubt it (replied Biddulph) after giving me this precious paper? Be aſſured, Madam, I will ſerve you to the utmoſt of my power, and introduce you to Mr. Collyer in the moſt favourable point of view."

"Then ſhall I be for ever obliged to you, (returned ſhe) for I think you ſaid the rules were

were not very ſtrict, nor were the members abſolutely prohibited from marrying."

"True, Madam (replied he, with difficulty repreſſing a ſmile) you are right in your obſervations."

"As to marriage (reſumed ſhe) I care little on that head; my fortune is but ſmall. Had my couſin married Harriot, he promiſed me a thouſand pounds; but you ſee, though I could prevent your union, I have given up my power, without any conſideration at all, and muſt be content to live on my own little pittance without having any thing for my care of her and her affairs."

Biddulph, though he heard her with indignation, and looked upon her with contempt, yet had not the reſolution to affect ignorance of her meaning. "Far be it from me, Mrs. Bailey (ſaid he) to wiſh you ſhould be a loſer by my hopes of happineſs. From the moment I am bleſſed with the hand of Miſs Franklyn,

Franklyn, I will enſure to you a hundred a year for your life, and give you the firſt year in advance. *Should* you marry, any thing in my power you may command, that can be of real ſervice to you."

Her looks brightened up, the clouds diſperſed: "I thank you, Sir (ſaid ſhe, ſimpering) as to marriage, you know I have told you, I don't think of it at preſent: I will try how I like the Moravian communities, and if I ſhould not remain there, I ſuppoſe, Sir, *that* will make no alteration in the ſettlement you promiſe?"

"None in the world," ſaid he.

"And you will not divulge this converſation to any one?"

"No (he replied) not even to Miſs Franklyn."

"Then

"Then I am ſatisfied (returned ſhe) and I ſhall tell Harriot you are in poſſeſſion of my free conſent to your marriage." They returned to the parlour together, and every one took notice of the alteration in Mrs. Bailey's looks ſo much to her advantage, and gave her credit for them from motives very different to what ſhe deſerved.

Biddulph, whoſe mind was entirely occupied by the delightful contents of the paper Mrs. Bailey had given to him, behaved to her with a complacency that quite ſurpriſed Miſs Franklyn, until, by a conſiderate propoſal of Mrs. Arnold's, the young folks went out to walk: He then ſeized an opportunity of drawing her into an alcove, and, after a few preparatory ſpeeches ſuitable to the occaſion, he produced the paper. Aſtoniſhed and confuſed, ſhe held it in her hand for a much longer time than was neceſſary to read its contents, and gave Biddulph the power of pleading his cauſe with all the tenderneſs and energy that love could inſpire. She heard

heard it without interruption, and had time to recover from her firſt confuſion, and collect ſome little fortitude before it was neceſſary ſhe ſhould reply; and when ſhe did, it was free from affectation, though perfectly conſonant with delicacy and decorum. Her preferable eſteem ſhe frankly owned; nor did ſhe wiſh to conceal the ſatisfaction ſhe felt at being miſtreſs of her own deſtiny.—She requeſted ſhe might not be *hurried* into an union ſhe wiſhed ſhould be public in the eyes of her acquaintance; that whenever ſhe married, it ſhould take place in Philadelphia, and unleſs Mrs. Bailey returned with her there, Mr. Biddulph could not accompany her. Many things were neceſſary to be ſettled, and every preliminary ſhould be adjuſted with propriety before ſhe gave her hand, as ſhe thought there was ſomething diſgraceful in hurrying a marriage, a change of ſituation of ſuch conſequence, as required its being entered on with deliberation on both ſides."

Biddulph

Biddulph had little to oppoſe againſt thoſe decorus reſolutions but the pleadings of a lover, who, after ſo many difficulties, had ſucceeded in obtaining that conſent, which he had flattered himſelf, was the chief obſtacle to his wiſhes.

She interrupted him, and adduced ſuch reaſons for the juſtneſs and propriety of her determinations, as he was obliged to appear ſatisfied with, and, indeed, though the heart murmured, his judgment applauded her. — She then propoſed a ſcheme, which, though it muſt ſtill retard the accompliſhment of his wiſhes, he could not poſſibly object to.

" The account you have given me of your Quaker friends has greatly excited my curioſity to ſee them; it will not be much out of our way to pay them a viſit. From thence we can go to Bethlehem; perhaps, circumſtances may allow of Monſieur Dorante's accompanying us, I hope ſo at leaſt. I ſhould like to viſit the communities; you will

will be able to introduce Mrs. Bailey in perſon; ſhe will judge for herſelf, and if ſhe approves of the inſtitutions, after going with us to Philadelphia, ſhe may return to them with more pleaſure to herſelf. Notwithſtanding the uneaſineſs ſhe has given me, I owe that reſpect to the memory and ſacred commands of a beloved parent, to have her ſanction for my actions, and to contribute, as far as I can, towards the future comforts of her life. This, Sir, is the plan of the moment it is true, but will infinitely gratify me to be adopted, and purſued by my friends."

"Doubt not then, my beloved Miſs Franklyn, but it ſhall be the firſt wiſh of my heart. Two or three days will ſettle all my affairs here; in the interim a letter may arrive from Bethlehem. Monſieur Dorante, I hope, will get better, and will certainly protract his journey for a day or two, ſhould he get ſuddenly well, to join in our party, which, I think, will be an agreeable ſurpriſe

to

to him. Buſineſs being thus ſettled, he reverted to the feelings of his heart, and was doubtleſs very eloquent on the copious ſubject; but love ſpeeches ſeldom afford much pleaſure on repetition, or to thoſe not immediately intereſted in them; Miſs Franklyn, we may ſuppoſe, was not *very* much *diſpleaſed*, as there had been very few opportunities during their acquaintance of ſpeaking the language of the heart, or of being unreſerved in their ſentiments. After ſome time they returned to the houſe viſibly pleaſed with each other, and animated in their civilities to their obliging friends, to whom Biddulph, in confidence ſome time after, communicated the particulars of his promiſed happineſs, and their deſigned travelling plan."

Mrs. Arnold told him, "her ſon had been applying to them to conclude his engagement with Miſs Neſbitt; but (ſaid ſhe) we have many objections, Agnes is very young, he muſt return to the army, the anxiety of a wife muſt be ſuperior to that of a miſtreſs;

ſhe has already ſuffered much in his abſence, and is perfectly of our opinion: In all probability this next campaign may decide the war; that your people do not in general approve of it is evident, by ſending Commiſſioners to treat of peace, I therefore flatter myſelf mutual intereſt may lead to mutual accommodation, and that peace and a good underſtanding may be reſtored between us. For all theſe reaſons we have refuſed to gratify my ſon's wiſhes, and, I hope, he will ſubmit to them without too much pain to himſelf. I admire your Miſs Franklyn, her countenance beſpeaks a noble mind; you have my ſincereſt wiſhes for your happineſs, though I regret that you will carry to *your* country one who promiſes to be ſo great an ornament to her *own*. Human nature *is* ſelfiſh (added ſhe, ſmiling) you will therefore pardon the regret."

Biddulph had too many cauſes to be grateful for the civilities himſelf and his friends had received, to be diſpleaſed at an expreſ-

ſion

ſion which was indeed a compliment to his Harriot, and he thanked her for it as ſuch. On returning to the company, he mentioned his intention of going the following day to the village, where he had left *Mrs. Downman*, (which name he choſe ſhe ſhould retain to avoid entering into the particulars of her hiſtory) and to ſettle what could be done for her future accommodation.

In the evening Arnold and himſelf returned to Mr. Newton's, and were greatly delighted to find the Abbe conſiderably better, and able to bear their company. Biddulph opened to him the plan Miſs Franklyn had propoſed, which, as they intended to begin their journey within a few days, his health would then, he hoped, be ſufficiently reſtored to accompany them. The Abbe thanked him for his conſideration.

" My mind (ſaid he) is too active for my body, my feelings too ſtrong for my reaſon, from whence has originated all the misfor-

tunes of my life. I have deſerved to ſuffer for my broken vows, which, though a worldly inſtitution, were voluntarily and ſolemnly made: I have therefore greatly erred; but my dear and tender Leonora, who complied reluctantly, and whom love and a grateful heart induced her againſt her reaſon, to oblige and make me happy, ſhe deſerves not to be wretched, and my greateſt torment is the reflection of the miſery I have brought upon her."

Biddulph obſerving that he was exhauſted by talking, and that it agitated him too much, requeſted that "he would endeavour to baniſh all painful and uſeleſs reflections which might retard his recovery, as on his ability to undertake the journey their time of departure hung ſuſpended."

"You have given me a motive to obey you (replied the Abbe) which, I hope, will have its due effect; your kind conſideration of a ſtranger will make me deſirous not to occaſion

occaſion any delay to your journey on my part. Alas! my whole ſoul is already at Bethlehem, and the body muſt ſoon follow, or be no more!"

They ſeparated for the night, and the following morning Biddulph recommending his friends to the care of Arnold, ſtimulated by a generous compaſſion for an unworthy object, practiſed the hard leſſon of ſelf-denial, by leaving Miſs Franklyn, and, attended by Andrew, ſet off for the village where he had left Mrs. Biddulph, or rather Mrs. Downman. He arrived ſafely there, and the old cottager met him at the door. On inquiry he found the Lady was much better, had been taken out of bed that day by the Doctor's orders, who pronounced her in a fair way of recovery. He entered the room, where ſhe was ſupported up in her bed, and was himſelf ſurpriſed at the alteration ſo much for the better in ſo ſhort a time.—She ſeemed glad to ſee him, and inquired "if he had obtained any intelligence of

Sharpley and Adams?" Preparing her by degrees to hear unpleaſant tidings (which preparation he afterwards found was totally unneceſſary) he related to her every circumſtance that had taken place, concluding with the death of her ſon. He revealed it reluctantly, but ſhe bore it with the firmneſs of a Roman matron."

"His deſertion of me, and his baſe behaviour (ſaid ſhe) recoiled upon himſelf; unnatural wretch, to deſert his mother under ſuch circumſtances, and in a ſtrange country, he deſerved death, and I cannot regret it, *as, if he had lived, he would not have concerned himſelf for me.*"

"Whatever *his* crimes might deſerve, (ſaid Biddulph, very ſternly) the atrocity of *your's* merits equal puniſhment, I ſhould wonder at *your unnatural* apathy; but that it is impoſſible to expect one good ſentiment from a worthleſs wife, a bad parent, and a vicious, diſſipated woman."

"My

"My reaſon, Madam, tells me I ſhould abandon you to the evils of want and poverty, which you deſerve to feel; but my heart remembers your huſband was my uncle, a man who might have been the boaſt of his family, but for the violence of your temper, for his mind was good and honeſt. My obligations to his memory, to the memory of his ever-dear daughter, cannot be cancelled by your worthleſſneſs, or the injuries you have done me; not therefore from regard to yourſelf, but to the duty and affection I owe to the deceaſed, I offer to you a comfortable aſylum for your future days, that the difficulties of life may not impede you in the road to repentance, which, I hope, reflections on your ill conduct will induce you ſpeedily to enter upon. I will ſettle on you, Madam, one hundred a year for your life; Mr. Matthews, of New-York, will, I dare ſay, kindly accept the office of your truſtee, and I offer you the choice of two ſituations. He then mentioned the Moravian inſtitution: "If you are inclined to enter on a new plan, to

reform in your mind and manners, and, by a ſtrict regularity henceforth, atone for the crimes of an ill-ſpent life, here is an aſylum from every temptation and folly of the world, your former errors ſhall be unknown, and you will have the power to eſtabliſh your own character with them, and become reſpectable if you pleaſe." He pauſed.

"And what is the other?" demanded ſhe, impatiently.

"The other (anſwered he) is this: (He then mentioned Mr. and Mrs. Newton as good and worthy people:) I have already ſpoken to them on a ſuppoſition that you might come to them (though, indeed, I wiſhed the contrary;) they offer to board you for forty pounds a year; you will then have ſixty for your private expences."

"O (cried ſhe, eagerly) I prefer that certainly.

"I

"I muſt obſerve to you (ſaid he, very much diſguſted) that Mr. and Mrs. Newton are regular worthy people; that they will not permit any irregularities in their houſe, and that, if you prove unworthy of their eſteem, you will forfeit all future favours from me."

"Very well (ſaid ſhe) I am content to accept their houſe upon your own conditions, and hope, in the courſe of a fortnight, I may be able to remove there, for this is a wretched hovel, and as to your Moravian or Methodiſt ſect, I would not go with them for the world."

"I am ſorry for it (ſaid he, coolly;) your refuſal gives me no very favourable promiſe of an amendment in your conduct: However, time, I hope, may give me a better impreſſion of your principles."

The woman of the houſe was then ſummoned. He paid her a *month* in advance, (though the other ſaid ſhe would go in a

fortnight) and gave the neceſſary directions for Mrs. Downman's removal at a proper time, and application to Mr. Matthews on all affairs of a pecuniary kind. He left money with her to ſend and purchaſe what neceſſaries ſhe might want for her appearance, and then, with many entreaties to her for a thorough change in her ſentiments and conduct, he took leave of her for ever!

On the road home he could not help reflecting on the depravity of this woman; he ſaw her heart was corrupt, and feared ſhe would prove a very diſagreeable boarder to the worthy Mrs. Newton. Strange (thought he) that woman, the beſt, the loveliеſt of the Almighty's works, ſhould have minds ſo entirely loſt to every ſenſe of goodneſs, when once they give the reins to diſſipation and unbounded pleaſure, licentiouſneſs ſteals upon their ſenſes, weakens every virtue nature has implanted in their minds, the barriers of modeſty, and every feminine grace, are broken down by a love of play, dreſs, and intrigue,

trigue, till the heart grows hardened, dead to every feeling of virtue; vice gains the aſcendency, and they plunge boldly into every folly and diſſipation, and at length ſhrink at no crimes which leads to the indulgence of their paſſions! Muſing over theſe reflections, he ſcarcely obſerved the objects on the road, till ſuddenly addreſſed by Andrew, "Lord, Sir! look there!"

Biddulph turned his head on one ſide, and ſaw at the door of a poor cottage a woman placed in a chair, pale and emaciated, ſupported by a pillow. On the oppoſite ſide, in another chair, was a young girl, apparently about ſixteen, feeding a young infant on her lap, whilſt two little ragged boys ſat at her feet eating out of the ſame pan; the tears were running down over the girl's face, which ſhe kept turned from the ſick woman.

There was ſomething altogether affecting in the ſight. Biddulph drew near to them, and ſpeaking to the girl, who looked up at

his approach, drawing her hand acroſs her eyes to wipe off the tears :

" Is that your mother, my good girl, and is ſhe ill ?"

" Yes, Sir," anſwered ſhe, in a melancholy tone, " it is my own dear mother, ill enough, God knows, for ſhe has loſt the uſe of her limbs."

" Unhappy, indeed !" ſaid he.

" Yes, Sir," ſaid the poor woman, feebly, " it is a dreadful thing for us : I got cold in my lying-in, and it fell in my limbs ; neither hands or legs are of any uſe to me, and theſe poor ——." Tears rolled down her cheeks, and ſtopped the paſſage of her words.

" Pray, mother, don't cry," ſaid the girl, " God will take care of us, I am ſure he will."

" You

"You are right, my good young creature," returned Biddulph, greatly moved. — "Pray tell me what are your troubles'"

"Ah! Sir," ſaid ſhe, "my father was killed a few months ſince in the wars. My mother was told ſhe muſt apply to Congreſs, and ſomething would be done for her; but ſhe expected to have child every day, ſo could not go. A farmer's ſon promiſed to write for her, but we have had no anſwer. We worked for the farm, and they were very kind to us; but when my mother lay-in, I had no time to work, and ſo ſhe had no one to attend her and the babe but me; for juſt then the farmer's wife died, and we loſt our beſt friend. I am ſure," added ſhe, tears ſtreaming from her eyes, "I did my beſt to take care of my mother and the children."

"You did ſo, my dear Suſan," ſaid the poor woman; "you was very good: It could not be helped; I know not how I got the cold, but it is what God pleaſes. This poor

poor child, Sir, is the nurſe to us all; ſhe goes every morning, at day-break, two miles to fetch a pitcher of milk from the farm, which is all our ſupport. She dreſſes and brings me here to enjoy the air: She feeds the children, and is a nurſe to my baby; but ſhe cannot long bear ſo much fatigue, and ſhould ſhe fall ſick, then we muſt all ſtarve."

"Good Heavens!" cried Biddulph, — "was ever ſuch complicated miſery! Shall I provide for a worthleſs woman, and ſhall theſe good, unfortunate, induſtrious creatures want the pooreſt neceſſaries of life!" He turned to ſpeak to Andrew; he had diſmounted, and was turning out his pockets, to give the girl all his little treaſure.

"An pleaſe your honour," ſaid he, ſobbing, "I would ſhare the laſt ſix-pence with her; the family of a fellow ſoldier, no matter who he fought for, if he died for his country you know. A poor cripple of a widow, and theſe

theſe fatherleſs children! I'll be ſhot if I would not rather want bread than they ſhould."

"I believe you, Andrew, but we will ſee what can be done for them. Tell me, my good girl, the way to the farm."

She laid the child in a little baſket that ſtood by her, and, throwing herſelf on her knees, "Bleſs you, good and generous Sir, will you help my poor mother? Will you ſave my poor brothers from being ſtarved, and the dear baby, ſhall that live? O, my mother, my mother!"

Biddulph turned his tearful eyes, and beheld the poor woman fainting in her chair; the daughter was frighted out of all power to aſſiſt her, exclaiming ſhe was dead; but luckily Andrew eſpied a ſmall rivulet juſt by, and darting there in a moment brought ſome water in his hat, by the ſprinkling of which ſhe was ſoon reſtored.

Biddulph

Biddulph ordered Andrew to remain with them whilſt he gallopped off to the farm. Here he made every inquiry about thoſe poor creatures he had left. The farmer gave them a very good character for honeſty and induſtry, and ſaid he was ſorry for them: "They loſt a good friend when my wife died (added he.) I ſtill give them a pitcher of milk; but I can't afford to maintain a cripple and three or four children, who can do no work for me."

"You have a family yourſelf, I ſuppoſe?"

"No, Sir, I have neither chick nor child."

"Well (ſaid Biddulph) people who have not much themſelves cannot be expected to give to others, and that is your caſe, I ſuppoſe?"

"You ſuppoſe wrong then, friend, for, thank God, I have a good farm well ſtocked, and cattle in abundance: It is true, the chance

chance of war may deprive me of them; ſome of the raſcally Engliſh may deſtroy my property, but I have taken care of myſelf, maſter; they may hurt, but they can't ruin me, thank God."

"And when you thank God (replied Biddulph) for his bleſſings to *you*, have you nothing to ſpare from your abundance to the wants of others? Without children to enjoy your riches, ſhould not the wretched children of induſtry, whom you acknowledge to be honeſt and deſerving, ſhould they not have a ſmall ſhare to preſerve them from ſickneſs and want? Fie upon you, farmer!"

"What, are you come to preach? If that's your buſineſs, you will loſe your labour, maſter. I am an honeſt man—I wrong nobody—pay my debts—take no man's property—and go to church of a Sunday—and, as I take it, I am a good man, and have cauſe to fear no one here, and a right to hope for Heaven hereafter."

"I

"I have no more to ſay (replied Biddulph) on your goodneſs; but I want to relieve this woman and her children, and will pay for any neceſſaries that can be procured for them."

"That's another matter (ſaid the farmer) if I am paid, I can be generous as well as another, and give the beſt for your money, being a fair dealing man, ſo let me know what you want to buy."

Biddulph then ordered ſome butter and eggs, ſome live fowls, and inquired if a poor woman or girl could be procured to attend them for a time, for a Doctor, and ſeveral other things, which the farmer readily undertook to get for him.

A very decent young woman offered herſelf, who knew the poor family, and, upon a proper conſideration, the farmer promiſed to ſend a cow to the door every day for the young woman to milk. All things being adjuſted, and ſome money left in his hands,

Biddulph

Biddulph quickly turned from the farmer, and arrived at the cot, where he found Andrew fondling the baby, and the girl feeding her mother. He unloaded his pockets, and told them what he had done, and that a young woman would ſoon be with them.

They looked at each other, then on him, ſcarcely believing their ſenſes; ſurpriſe and gratitude took from them the power of ſpeech; but the girl caught his hand and kiſſed it paſſionately; then, as if aſhamed of what ſhe had done, ſhe flew into the cottage, covered her face, and wept aloud, in which ſhe was accompanied by Andrew, who beſtowed a thouſand bleſſings on his maſter for remembering the family of a dead ſoldier. The young woman arrived, and Biddulph earneſtly recommended the poor woman to her care, telling her that he ſhould ſpeak to ſome good Ladies to inquire after them, and, with the aſſiſtance of the Doctor, ſoon reſtore the poor widow to the uſe of her limbs.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

THE cottage not being above eight miles from New-York, and it being earlier than he expected to return, he rode to Mrs. Arnold's, where his unhoped-for preſence inſpired every one with pleaſure. — After mutual civilities had paſſed, he related his little adventure on the road, which greatly affected the Ladies, who moſt readily agreed to aſſiſt the poor family, and Mr. Arnold was to ride over, and be their almoner. Somebody remarking on the cruelty of the farmer, and his boaſt of goodneſs when he had ſuch an unfeeling heart, Mrs. Neſbitt ſaid, "it

" it is not every perſon that has a heart of ſenſibility; ſome people are born, one would think, with narrow contracted minds; you may frequently ſee inſtances of it in children born of the ſame parents; one child ſhall be open, liberal, and fond of dividing its baubles and ſweetmeats, whilſt another retires to itſelf, hoards up its little treaſures, and refuſes to ſhare with any one; much, therefore, may be allowed to a natural ſelfiſh diſpoſition; ſometimes it may be corrected by example, good advice, and an intercourſe with the world; but when inherent among perſons, ſuch as the farmer we are talking of, it takes root in a ſtubborn ſoil, which, for want of cultivation, grows daily more hardened: I am apt, therefore, in his caſe, to call it more a defect than a fault, and can readily believe, notwithſtanding his want of humanity, that he may be an *honeſt* man, and if he does not *give*, neither would he take unjuſtly from any one."

" It

"It is a negative degree of honeſty," replied Miſs Franklyn, "that can never entitle him to one's eſteem. Fear, even cowardice, may keep a man honeſt in the common acceptation of the word from an apprehenſion of puniſhment, and becauſe it is neceſſary to his intereſt in his commerce with the world: I would truſt ſuch a perſon with my purſe; but not with my reputation, or even my life, if it was for his intereſt to deſtroy either, and he could do it undiſcovered. — Where there is not humanity, there can be no virtue; all people are not equally ſuſceptible, but the claims of the diſtreſſed, the wants of the widow, the fatherleſs, the ſick and helpleſs, muſt affect every heart in ſome degree, that is not locked up by that horrid ſelfiſhneſs which deſtroys every principle of goodneſs or virtue."

"I think exactly as you do, my dear Madam (ſaid Miſs Neſbitt) and ſo little credit ſhould I give to the honeſty of a man devoid of humanity, that I ſhould always ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe he would cheat me, if he could do it with impunity."

"I am very ſure (ſaid Biddulph) that humanity and benevolence give an additional charm to beauty, for I never ſaw Miſs Neſbitt and Miſs Franklyn look ſo charming as at this moment, when their countenances are animated by a ſubject ſo conſonant to their own generous feelings."

The Ladies both bowed to the compliment, and it gave a different turn to their converſation, which grew more gay and gallant, until Mrs. Arnold reminded them of the hour: They then took leave, and returned to Mr. Newton's, and had the ſatisfaction to hear Monſieur Dorante continued to mend in his health; and Biddulph had the additional pleaſure to find letters from Barclay and Oſborne, which he retired to his room to peruſe.

Mr.

Mr. Barclay's letter, after many friendly expreſſions of concérn for his ſituation reſpecting Miſs Franklyn, and offers of his ſervices, if his preſence could be of uſe or pleaſure to him, tells him, "that the friend with whom Mrs. Smith had lived, having died ſuddenly, his ſiſter had made her an offer of retiring into the country with her, and ſharing her fortune, and as the former's health ſtill remained in a very fluctuating ſtate, ſhe had conſented to the propoſal, and they had quitted Philadelphia about a week previous to his writing. His friend, Mr. Manly, was ſtill a happy old bachelor, who laughed away the cares of life, and enjoyed his bottle and friends."

Oſborne's letter communicated intelligence, that, on his account, gave him ſome degree of pleaſure. He had received a letter from his brother, acquainting him, "that his other ſiſter was married; that he was himſelf in a very ill ſtate of health, and requeſted that he would obtain leave of abſence, and re-

turn

turn to England, that he might have the pleaſure of ſeeing all his family together once more before he left them for ever!"

Oſborne added, "that, in conſequence of this letter, he had applied for and obtained leave to go home, and that this would be the laſt letter Biddulph could receive from him on this ſide the water."

Biddulph was not ſorry to hear of Oſborne's intended departure, and that he was ſpared the pain of knowing his ſituation with Miſs Franklyn: He hoped the meeting with his family, and the company he might be thrown into, would have its uſual effects, with time and abſence, to cure him of his partiality for that Lady, and poſſibly throw his affections into another channel. To Barclay he inſtantly wrote, acquainting him with the delightful alteration in his ſituation, and his hopes of ſeeing him ſoon, and receiving his perſonal congratulations. He alſo wrote to his good friend Mr. Barrow, recapitulating

the late events reſpecting the Biddulph's, the favourable turn in his affairs, adding, "If no unforeſeen diſappointments ariſe to impede my expected happineſs, you will, I truſt, ſoon embrace the 'VOLUNTARY EXILE' returning with tranſport to his native country, and much valued friends Mr. and Mrs. Barrow. One only corroding care hangs about my heart: My ſiſter, the unhappy, miſguided Catherine! O, my friend! could ſhe be reclaimed from the paths of vice, and ſpend the eve of her life in a decent retirement, not one wiſh would my heart have ungratified."

In the morning, after inquiring how Monſieur Dorante had reſted, and hearing a very favourable account of him, Biddulph went to call on Mr. Matthews, whom he had not ſeen ſince the fortunate alteration in his affairs, although he had written to him. That Gentleman congratulated him moſt exceedingly on a change ſo unexpected, and, without heſitation, accepted the truſt for the payment

ment of Mrs. Downman's penſion, and alſo promiſed to take care that ſhe ſhould not be troubleſome to the Newtons. "As I ſhall have ſome power over her, by paying her money, I think, I ſhall manage her pretty well (ſaid he.) As to Sharpley I ſhall never concern myſelf about him, unleſs an entire reformation takes place in his conduct." He ſaid, "he had received a letter from Oſborne, the contents much the ſame as Biddulph's, and he joined heartily in good wiſhes for his future tranquillity."

This viſit paid, Biddulph returned to Mr. Newton's, where he had the pleaſure to receive a letter from Mr. Fitzwarren, the melancholy man, to whom he had written on his arrival at New-York. Mr. Fitzwarren informed him, "that he had already procured fourteen men to work, and was laying out ground for twenty cottages to be finiſhed with all ſpeed, telling him, that *his* recommendations ſhould be the firſt attended to, as the founder of the plan; aſſured him that

his mind was already amuſed, and in a more tranquil ſtate than he had felt it for years; and to Mr. Biddulph he ſhould ever hold himſelf indebted for raiſing him *above himſelf*, and the gloomy retroſpections which idleneſs had encouraged." He added, "that one of his former cottages was now vacant by the death of a good old woman, whoſe huſband he had taken into his own houſe, as he had no family; that if Mr. Biddulph knew any poor family, to whom ſuch an aſylum would be deſirable, he requeſted he would immediately let him know, otherwiſe old Ben would ſoon pick up one from the neighbouring town. He concluded his letter with many expreſſions of eſteem, and deſiring the continuance of his correſpondence and friendly regard."

This letter gave Biddulph an infinite deal of ſatisfaction; he inſtantly conceived this vacant cottage would be the moſt fortunate aſylum in the world for the ſoldier's widow and her family; he therefore loſt no time in

anſwering

anſwering Mr. Fitzwarren's letter, and accepting his offer of appointment for inhabiting the cottage, told the little affecting ſtory, and added, "that he might ſoon expect to ſee objects worthy of his compaſſion and bounty."

Having diſpatched this letter, he viſited Monſieur Dorante, who was ſo much amended that he thought in a couple of days they might begin their journey ſo anxiouſly anticipated by both, and Biddulph hoped, in the courſe of that day, or the next, to hear from Bethlehem, an event which, he thought, muſt decide the deſtiny of Monſieur Dorante.

He now prepared to follow Mr. Arnold, who had been gone to his mother's ſome hours before, and where Biddulph's heart had carried him long before his feet ſtopped at the door. He found only Miſs Franklyn and Mrs. Neſbitt in the houſe, the others having walked out, and the latter Lady re-

tiring ſoon after he had paid his compliments to her, he paſſed a delicious hour with the former until the return of their friends.

Soon after they had all met, Biddulph mentioned the letter he had received from Mr. Fitzwarren, and the offer which he had ſo gladly accepted. The Ladies immediately agreed no time ſhould be loſt; they ſubſcribed, and made a little fund to furniſh them with neceſſaries, and procure a litter, that the helpleſs widow might be removed without pain or inconvenience. Mr. Arnold was diſpatched with Andrew to acquaint them of their good fortune, to know when they could venture on the removal, and to offer a liberal preſent to the young woman to accompany them to the Vale, with any friend or relation of her's in whom ſhe could confide to take care of her back. Mr. Arnold went off on his commiſſion, attended by Andrew, for although the diſtance did not exceed eight miles, yet, in a country ſo interſected by woods and rivulets, it was a journey

journey of three or four hours at leaſt, no time therefore was loſt that they might return before dark.

After their departure Miſs Franklyn ſaid, "I am much intereſted for that Mr. Fitzwarren, and long to know his ſtory; ſure ſome heavy misfortunes muſt have befallen him. Have you read his memoir, Mr. Biddulph?"

"I have not (replied he) not becauſe I have leſs curioſity, or intereſt, for him than you expreſs, but it is a large packet, contains a long, and, I believe, a very melancholy ſtory; it was intruſted to me in confidence; there may be circumſtances in it not proper to be divulged, and therefore, not knowing the contents, I cannot communicate it even to my beſt friends. My own ſecrets are in your hands, but thoſe intruſted to me by others are a ſacred depoſit."

" But (ſaid Miſs Neſbit) I am ſurpriſed you have not peruſed the packet."

" I have had no time to indulge curioſity, (anſwered he) and ſince my return have enjoyed happineſs, ſo long a ſtranger to my breaſt, that I am unwilling to ſadden thoſe hours of felicity, which I can partake with my friends."

" You ſee (ſaid Miſs Franklyn) our *female* curioſity is not likely to be gratified; Mr. Biddulph is obdurate."

" Change your name, and increaſe your conſequence (ſaid he, ſmiling.) Have a *right* to participate with me, and no requeſt of *yours* ſhall be ungratified."

" You now know the terms, Miſs Franklyn (obſerved Mrs. Arnold) and the pleaſure of information depends upon yourſelf."

" He

"He has, indeed (anſwered ſhe, bluſhing) taken an effectual method to ſilence me, and I give up the point."

"*For a time* only I hope (returned Biddulph;) but be aſſured, my dear Miſs Franklyn, that the moment I am in poſſeſſion of the contents, if they *can* be communicated without injury to any ſingle individual, you and my friends ſhall not aſk for them a ſecond time. I am perſuaded his misfortunes are not of a common kind from their effects on his mind, and therefore at preſent I do not wiſh to be acquainted with them. No more was ſaid on the ſubject, and the day paſſed in the moſt agreeable manner until the return of Mr. Arnold late in the evening."

"Upon my ſoul (cried he, throwing himſelf into a chair) I would, as Andrew ſaid, rather face a battery of cannon than the effuſions of ſuch grateful hearts. I have cried like a child to day, and for your ſervant (added he, turning to Biddulph) I ſhall adore

the fellow as long as I live; ſuch honeſt, genuine marks of ſenſibility I never ſaw: I cannot repeat the ſcene; the poor widow was in ecſtacies that almoſt deprived her of life. The girl was one moment on her knees bleſſing the dear good Gentlemen, the kind Ladies, then ſtarting up, embracing her mother, kiſſing and crying over the little ones. In ſhort, I can only ſay it was a ſcene for a poet and a painter to have exerciſed their ſkill upon, but too much for the feelings of a ſuſceptible mind. The young woman, who happens to be an orphan, offered to go and remain with them, if ſhe may be permitted to do ſo, and as I much doubt whether the widow will ever be reſtored to the uſe of her limbs, and the girl is incapable of taking care of them all, I thought the offer very eligible. The farmer has undertaken to procure a proper conveyance, and I anſwered for the expence of a litter and men to convey them. In two days they are to ſet out, and I am loaded with praiſes and bleſſings

'to

'to the dear bleſſed Gentleman,' and to all this family."

Andrew hopped, jumped, laughed, and cried alternately, and appeared as if he himſelf was to enjoy all the benefits beſtowed on them. The Ladies were much gratified by this account, and Mrs. Arnold turning to Biddulph, who was ſilent from exceſs of pleaſure: "My dear Sir (ſaid ſhe) I envy you your feelings. What a ſuperior delight muſt that perſon experience, who has preſerved the widow and fatherleſs from poverty and death, and procured for them an aſylum, where they may enjoy peace and all the comforts of life!"

Miſs Franklyn's eyes ſparkled with pleaſure and ſenſibility, that ſpoke, in unequivocal language, the ſame ſentiments.

Mrs. Neſbitt was about to join in them, when Biddulph aroſe: "My dear Ladies, (ſaid he) let me return your compliments to

me, into your own boſoms, reflect on my obligations to *your* humanity, and ceaſe to think I have any merit in an accidental occurrence, which would have equally intereſted you, had it fallen in your way. Let us rejoice that we have contributed mutually to the comforts of thoſe poor people, and recollect that Mr. Fitzwarren is their great benefactor, who provides for their future happineſs." Ending theſe words, he took leave of the Ladies for the night, and, accompanied by Arnold, returned to Mr. Newton's.

The following day brought Mr. Biddulph the much wiſhed for, yet dreaded, letter from Mr. Collyer. He trembled as he held it in his hand, and when he had broken the ſeal, he glanced his eyes on the firſt line, which in an inſtant encouraged him to proceed; the contents were as follow:

" MY DEAR SIR,

It is difficult to deſcribe the wonder and ſurpriſe your unexpected intelligence conveyed to us. I could ſcarce believe my eyeſight, when I read that our long-lamented friend ſtill exiſted; but I will endeavour to be circumſtantial, that you may the better be enabled to judge of our ſituation, and regulate future proceedings. When you left me at Bethlehem, I entertained but very ſmall hopes of my eſteemed friend, Leonora's life: Contrary, however, to expectation ſhe grew better, though by almoſt imperceptible degrees, and the Doctor gave it as his opinion that her's was a broken conſtitution, ſubject to many ebbs and flows, many changes that might excite hopes and fears before the ſcene would finally cloſe. It may be weeks, it may be months (ſaid he) that ſhe may remain in a fluctuating ſtate; much depends on her being kept quiet, and free from fatigue. This information determined me to

have

have her removed to my houſe. I told her my intention."

"My good friend (ſaid ſhe) I ſee your kind motives: I ſee alſo, that my compliance with your wiſhes will give pleaſure to your benevolent heart; I will not therefore longer oppoſe it. I fear my releaſe from this world of ſorrow is not ſo near as I expected, permit me to ſay, as I hoped for. I may linger ſome time before the joyful hour approaches, which re-unites me to my Auguſtine and to my child; for them I wiſhed to live, for them I wiſh to die. The awful period is not far off, though tardy in its progreſs, death advances to my relief." She added a number of affectionate expreſſions to me, and conſented to be borne to my dwelling that very night. With care and attention ſhe grew better, but, as the Doctor foretold, in a fluctuating way, ſeldom two days the ſame. She has devoted her time to her religious duties, and whenever ſhe goes will, I doubt not,

not, be received as one of the choſen in Heaven!

This morning, after having paid her a morning viſit, I was retired to my ſtudy when your letter came; the contents, as I have before obſerved, were ſo incredible, that I was mute with wonder; and lucky it was that I did not break out into exclamations, for Leonora's room was adjoining to this: I had therefore the preſence of mind to walk down to my garden before I finiſhed the peruſal. My emotions were ſo various, that I hardly knew whether joy or ſorrow predominated; yet when, on reflection, I conſidered the hopeleſs ſtate of Leonora's health, and the melancholy reception the poor Abbe muſt experience, I could not, indeed I could not, rejoice as one ought to do for the preſervation of a fellow creature and a friend. How to break the affair to his wife I knew not; her weak frame could ill ſupport agitations either of joy or ſorrow, yet one has heard of ſuch wonderful reſtorations, and many

many times of ſuch debility of body, occaſioned by diſtreſs of mind, which, on removing the cauſe, has produced a ſtrange contrary effect, that I ſtill flattered myſelf there was a poſſibility the Doctor *might* be miſtaken, and that his patient might poſſibly experience this change.

After paſſing two hours in endeavours to compoſe my ſpirits, and appear in my uſual way, I returned to her apartment. We talked on ſeveral ſubjects, and among the reſt the war was by me artfully introduced.

" Ah! (ſaid ſhe, ſighing deeply) how many, like me, mourn the loſs of every dear connexion, every hope of earthly happineſs, by this national calamity? Alas! the miſery of wretched individuals is of little conſequence in the eyes of Government; thouſands of lives are ſacrificed, widows reduced to want and miſery, orphans periſhing from cold and hunger, and all to gain poſſeſſion, perhaps, of ſome ſmall ſpot or two, which, on a peace,

peace, is again reſtored, after torrents of blood have flowed to obtain it!"

"I ſtill dwelt a little on the ſubject, and at length ſaid, "I had heard lately from a Gentleman, that many perſons, ſuppoſed to have fallen in battle, had been taken priſoners by the Indians, and ſome had not long ſince eſcaped from them, and returned to their friends, it is not impoſſible." There I ſtopped.

She looked earneſtly at me: "What is not impoſſible, my dear Sir?" I heſitated.

"You cannot, ſure (ſaid ſhe) believe; you do not think, my Auguſtine—ſpeak—tell me what is not impoſſible."

"Indeed (I replied) I do not think it very improbable; but that ſuch a circumſtance might have taken place with our friend."

She

She trembled exceedingly, and ſeemed to gaſp for breath; but in a moment recovering, ſhe ſaid, in a firm tone, not uſual with her: "Whatever you have to tell me, ſpeak without reſerve, I ſee ſomething is labouring on your mind; if my huſband yet lives, keep me not in ſuſpenſe."

"Then, my dear Madam, arm your mind to bear unexpected pleaſure; I have heard that he actually does exiſt."

Her lips trembled, and ſhe threw her eyes up to Heaven, as if ſhe uttered an ejaculation; then turning them on me with a ſurpriſing compoſure: "You have been *my* friend and comforter, now you muſt exert the ſame kind offices for my Auguſtine: If he lives, you will ſoon ſee him; I never may, and, indeed, ſcarcely wiſh to do ſo for his ſake. You view me with wonder, my dear Sir, this news ſome time ſince would have given me inexpreſſible tranſports; but now, *now* (repeated ſhe, pauſing a little) I am above

above all earthly enjoyments; I bow with humble gratitude to Heaven for preſerving his life, and I feel no regret, that I ſhall not ſhare it with him. Heaven (added ſhe) frowned upon our union; I was the cauſe of his broken vows, and I am content to be the victim. It has pleaſed our Heavenly Father to give me time for repentance, for weaning my affections from all worldly objects. My heart confides in his mercy, and ſoon, very ſoon, I truſt, I ſhall enjoy that peace which the world cannot give, nor take away."

What I felt during this affecting ſpeech, which had many pauſes from weakneſs, I cannot deſcribe to you: I looked on her as an angel raiſed above all earthly feelings, and knew not in what language to anſwer her.

Obſerving my agitations and ſilence, ſhe ſaid, "Perhaps my huſband is now in the houſe;

houſe; tell me the truth, you ſee I can bear any thing *now*."

Rouſed by this queſtion, I aſſured her he was not, but that I did expect to ſee him daily.

"What a trial! (ſaid ſhe, lifting up her eyes;) there I fear my fortitude will fail me, to witneſs his ſorrow will be ſevere indeed: I could wiſh the laſt cloſing ſcene might be over before he comes to ſave him and myſelf; but Heaven's Will be done, I will pray for ſtrength to ſupport the only event that can now ſhake or diſturb my compoſure."

She ſaw my tears, for my ſoul I could not repreſs them: "Dear, good Mr. Collyer, do not diſtreſs me by your humane kindneſs; I have been a painful tax upon your humanity, God will reward you, I cannot; but hereafter I hope we ſhall meet to enjoy everlaſting happineſs."

Her

Her head ſunk back on her chair, as if quite exhauſted. She had a cordial given her, and ſeemed revived. She then requeſted to know *all* without reſerve, adding, "You ſee my fortitude, I can bear every thing *now*."

I read to her your letter without concealing a word. She ſighed ſeveral times, but ſpoke not a ſyllable, and when I had finiſhed, beſought me, if ſhe was alive when her huſband came, to prepare him for the event he might daily expect, ſtrengthen his mind, let me not *view him* miſerable, and I will bleſs you to my laſt hour. She ſeemed ſo extremely weak that I perſuaded her to lie down on the bed. She complied, and I retired to write this letter. I am perſuaded, notwithſtanding her ſeeming compoſure, that her ſpirits muſt be greatly agitated, and, God knows, how long, or how ſhort a time may put a period to all *her* troubles, and our hopes. I leave every thing to your prudence; but I think the unfortunate Abbe ſhould be a little prepared before he comes here, that the whole

whole may not break upon him at once. I wiſh it was poſſible, or convenient, for you to accompany him, but of that you are the beſt judge. That I have delayed till now felicitating you on your preſent agreeable proſpects, which gives me very ſincere pleaſure, I truſt you will not impute to my little attention to *your* happineſs; but that the affecting ſubject of this letter has ſo entirely engroſſed my concern, that, until I had communicated every particular to you, I could think of nothing elſe. I ſhall be all impatience till I hear from you, or ſee the poor Abbe.

Believe me, with my beſt wiſhes,

SIR,

Your obedient humble ſervant,

JOSEPH COLLYER."

This

This letter Biddulph peruſed twice over, under the greateſt concern how to act. He ſent to know how Monſieur Dorante did, and Andrew returned uſhering the ſubject of his inquiries into the room. Biddulph ſtarted at ſeeing him, and cruſhed the letter into his pocket.

"I am come, Sir, to return thanks for your generous concern in perſon. Thank Heaven I feel myſelf infinitely better, indeed ſo well, that I am deſirous of ſetting off towards Bethlehem to-morrow, if you can make it convenient. Will it, Sir, be agreeable to you?"

"I fear not till the following day after, (replied Biddulph;) the Ladies muſt have a day's notice, and I have a few friends to take leave of. To-morrow I hope you will ſpend the day with us at Mrs. Arnold's, and the next day, if you are able to bear the fatigue, we will begin our journey. He ſeemed rather diſappointed; but trying to ſhake

ſhake it off, I have too many obligations to you and Mr. Arnold, Sir, to raiſe any objections, or expreſs any reluctance, to wait your pleaſure another day; but you are a lover, though not a huſband, and therefore may be a little able to judge what it coſts me every moment that I am detained from ſeeing my deareſt Leonora."

Biddulph made an aſſenting bow, without being able to ſpeak. The other reſumed, "Are you going now to Mrs. Arnold's?"

"I am, Sir (replied Biddulph) and if you can accompany me, I am ſure the family will be delighted to ſee you."

"You are very obliging, Sir, but I will this day amuſe myſelf with the good folks, and, by walking in the garden, enjoy the air, and recruit my ſtrength."

They then ſeparated, and the former was glad to have an opportunity of conſulting his

his friends on the letter he received, and which he communicated to them immediately on his arrival. Every female eye was ſuffuſed with tears at the peruſal of it, every one felt for the unfortunate huſband, and were at a loſs what ſteps to adviſe that might prepare him for an event that appeared inevitable. After much deliberation it was concluded, that to unfold any thing to him in his preſent ſituation, irritable as his paſſions were, would moſt probably throw him back to madneſs or death, therefore it would be better to delay it until their arrival at the inn in Bethlehem, where meeting Mr. Collyer, they might jointly act as the circumſtances of things appeared on their arrival. In conſequence of this adopted plan, Biddulph wrote immediately to Mr. Collyer the time of their ſetting off (and it having been ſettled by Miſs Franklyn and him that they would proceed directly on with Monſieur Dorante, and defer their intended viſit to the Quaker's until their return to Philadelphia) he mentioned, as near as he could poſſibly

aſcertain, when they might be expected at the inn, where he hoped Mr. Collyer would contrive to ſee him firſt, if the melancholy ſcene he had deſcribed ſhould be *finally cloſed* before their arrival."

After this letter had been ſent off, they amuſed themſelves in ſettling their future correſpondence, and Mr. Arnold flattered them with the hope, that, ſhould the diſputes between the mother country and the colonies be ſoon ſettled, and he was united to his dear Agnes, they would, with their good mother's permiſſion, pay a viſit to Mr. and Mrs. Biddulph in England; a promiſe which gave univerſal ſatisfaction, and received the ſanction of Mr. Arnold and Mrs. Neſbitt.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

THE day now came, the laſt that they intended to ſpend in New-York, and its environs. Mr. Arnold and Monſieur Dorante ſet off for the wood; Biddulph to take leave of the good Mr. Matthews, who kindly acceded to a correſpondence, and they expreſſed for each other a thouſand good wiſhes; the former giving him directions where to draw upon him for Mrs. Downman's penſion, the firſt year of which he promiſed to remit from Philadelphia. Sharpley,

he found, was not yet returned, and as all fears from him were done away, Biddulph was perfectly indifferent about him. They parted with great friendlineſs on both ſides, and he joined his agreeable friends at their dinner hour. Notwithſtanding every one ſtrove to appear cheerful, yet every one ſaw that it was an effort; and that though their acquaintance had been but of a ſhort ſtanding, yet the duration of their mutual eſteem was likely to be permanent. The parting of friends is not an agreeable theme to dwell upon; they were to ſet off at an early hour next morning; Mrs. Arnold and her ſon were to accompany Mrs. Bailey and Miſs Franklyn into New-York, where Biddulph and Monſieur Dorante had ſettled to join them.

The morning came, the parties met, and a ſloop being ready, they embarked with a fair wind. Having ſo lately travelled the ſame road with Mr. Biddulph, it would be unneceſſary and tedious to deſcribe the ſame enchanting

chanting proſpects, which, however beautiful, and however varied the language, loſe their effect by repetition. When they came to the little village of Eaſton, Miſs Franklyn was in raptures with the pictureſque views; and even Monſieur Dorante, though every pulſe was beating with expectation, and every idea was centered in his Leonora, could not help coinciding with her in opinion, that nothing could exceed the beauties of nature in that charming ſpot. They deſcended down the hill, the ſpires of Bethlehem glittered through the trees; Monſieur's heart fluttered, and when they arrived at the Inn, he looked eagerly round, as if he had expected his Leonora was flying to meet him.

The moment they entered the houſe, a man run off, as the maſter of the tavern told Biddulph, to call Mr. Collyer, who would come in at the garden gate to meet him privately. The man had ſcarce done ſpeaking, when the Abbe (whom we will no longer call

Monſieur Dorante) eagerly deſired he might be conducted to Mr. Collyer's.

"By no means, my dear ſir," ſaid Biddulph, "I will ſend to him; do not be raſh; ſo near to the accompliſhment of your wiſhes, wait with patience another half hour."

"Ah!" cried the other, "this half hour you talk of, appears to me an age, but I will ſubmit to you, and if you pleaſe, will have ſome refreſhment; I feel myſelf weak, and ſhall ſtand in need of ſomething to ſupport my ſpirits."

"I fear ſo," thought Biddulph, and immediately ordered refreſhments into a room, diſtant from the one he expected to ſee Mr. Collyer in. Whilſt they were ſitting there, the maſter entered on a frivolous pretence, and giving him a look, which the other underſtood, withdrew. Soon after, Biddulph followed, ſaying, "he was going to give ſome orders to Andrew, ſhould quickly return,

turn, and requeſted the Abbe would entertain the ladies for a few minutes."

He haſtened to the other room, where he found Mr. Collyer.

"Excuſe me, ſir," ſaid he, "if I wave ceremony; how does your ſweet friend?"

"Alive," replied he, "but weak as a new-born babe: I have, however, for theſe two days paſt, been endeavouring to prepare her for an interview with her huſband; ſhe aſſures me that *ſhe is prepared*; that ſhe *can* ſupport it, and that the frame of mind in which ſhe is at preſent, will prevent her from ſinking under the agitations ſhe might naturally be ſuppoſed to feel—only prepare *him*, my good friend, and think not of me. Thoſe were her laſt words this morning," continued Mr. Collyer, "and now, what is to be done?"

"We muſt brave the trial," replied Biddulph, "I will return to the room, and ſend the poor man to you," and then apologizing to the ladies for a ſhort abſence, quickly followed him. "If my preſence is neceſſary, I will accompany you to your houſe, otherwiſe I will return to the ladies, whoſe ſituation for the preſent, muſt be uncomfortable."

He went back to the room, and aſſuming a tranquil air, told the Abbe, his friend Mr. Collyer waited for him in another room; he had ſcarce finiſhed the words, before the other ſprung from his chair, and darted out of the room.

Biddulph acquainted Miſs Franklyn with the information he had received, adding, "I fear your journey here will not be productive of much pleaſure, for one cannot but be deeply intereſted for this unfortunate pair."

After ſome time the maſter of the houſe came in with Mr. Collyer's compliments, that

that himſelf and the gentleman was gone to his houſe, and that he requeſted the favour of Mr. Biddulph and the ladies to diſpenſe with his attendance to viſit the communities, but that another gentleman would be there to wait on them, and he would, as ſoon as poſſible, join them there, or at the tavern.

In conſequence of this meſſage, Biddulph accompanied the ladies; they viſited the different houſes, and Mrs. Bailey was very minute in her inquiries into the principles and fixed duties of the ſociety; the reſult of theſe inquiries did not inſpire her with a wiſh to become a member of the community; their tenets of religion ſhe approved of, but to be ſubject to ſuch particular rules; to be conſtantly in the habits of induſtry, by no means ſuited her inclinations. Since her late agreement with Mr. Biddulph, her wiſh for retirement had gradually abated, and if ſhe could have her late errors concealed, why, it would be more comfortable to live in Philadelphia, than to be obliged, whether ſhe liked it or

not, to conform to fixed hours and employments. With theſe ſentiments, ſhe viewed every thing with an indifference bordering on diſguſt; and when Miſs Franklyn admired the regularity, neatneſs, and induſtry of the communities, ſhe was either ſilent, or barely aſſented to what ſhe could not object to.

They ſpent upwards of three hours in viewing the different eſtabliſhments, with which Miſs Franklyn was enchanted; nor was Biddulph leſs pleaſed, for having her by his ſide; he was in a humour to take a more accurate ſurvey of every particular, than when he had once before run it over with an uneaſy mind and a careleſs eye; he obſerved the different impreſſion Mrs. Bailey entertained, and was convinced, at once, that Andrew's "old girl" ſtill retained too much love for the world, to like a ſituation where religious duties and conſtant employment was the baſis of its foundation.

Not

Not being joined by Mr. Collyer, after viſiting the manufactories, chapel, and public gardens, they returned to the tavern, and ſoon after Biddulph received a meſſage from Mr. Collyer, requeſting to ſee him; he followed the meſſenger, and found that gentleman in his ſtudy, evidently much agitated.

"Never, my dear ſir, (ſaid he, after ſaluting Biddulph) never ſhall I forget the ſcene I have witneſſed, it has almoſt broke my heart—all is over!" continued he, "and the good, the amiable Leonora, is gone to the bleſſed manſions of peace, where ſhe will, I doubt not, enjoy everlaſting happineſs."

He ſtopt, unable to proceed. Biddulph was exceſſively ſhocked.

"The Abbe, the poor Abbe," ſaid he, "is on the bed," replied Mr. Collyer, "trying to repreſs his emotions, my ſervant and the phyſician with him; he has made a ſolemn vow, which I depend upon; poor

man! he has ſuffered ſufficiently for his former broken one's, I can therefore now rely upon him, and will, if poſſible, repeat to you what is paſt—excuſe me, if tears mingle with the relation, for the ſufferings, the heroiſm of the dear departed, has almoſt reduced me to a ſtate of childhood."

"When the Abbe entered the room, he flew to embrace me, I opened my arms to receive him, ſpeak I could not, looking earneſtly in my face, which beſpoke the anguiſh of my mind; he looked wild."

"My Leonora, my wife," cried he, "ſay, oh, ſay, how does my wife?"

"She lives, my dear friend," I replied, ſitting down, and taking him by the arm, "ſhe lives, but I cannot deceive you, ſhe is extremely ill."

"O God!" he exclaimed, "let me ſee her, let me fly to her."

"Stop,

" Stop, my dear Abbe, do not be impetuous, or you may deſtroy her."

" He ſat down without ſpeaking, I then, as tenderly as poſſible, unfoulded to him her real ſituation, the fortitude ſhe poſſeſſed, and her requeſt, that if he wiſhed her laſt moments to be protracted, or happy, he would ſpare her the ſight of his anguiſh, the only thing that could now diſturb her. He was ſilent ſeveral minutes, but I ſaw the paſſions that was ſtruggling in his breaſt; he roſe, ſtruck his forehead, claſped his hands, again threw himſelf into the chair, raiſing his eyes to heaven, with a look ſo expreſſive of horror, as I never ſhall forget; he heaved three or four ſighs, or rather groans, and turning to me,

" Let us go, let me ſee her; I am reſigned, you ſee *I am.*"

Unable to ſpeak another word, he put his arm in mine, to haſten me from the room; I rung

rung for the landlord, ordered the Abbe's hat, for he never thought of that, and ſent a meſſage to you. We then rather flew than walked, for his impatience dragged me through the ſtreet, but when we entered my houſe, he ſat down, and no longer able to ſupport his ſpirits, burſt into a kind of hiſterical agony, ſuch as I never beheld in a man before. By the aſſiſtance of my houſe-keeper, he was, after ſome time, reſtored to more compoſure, and he aſſured me, he ſhould now behave as he ought to do. I left him with her, and went up ſtairs to the dying Leonora; ſhe had been taken from her bed, and dreſſed, placed in a chair, and ſupported by pillows; I blamed her for leaving her bed.

"Ah!" ſaid ſhe, "we muſt prepare him by degrees; he will be leſs ſhocked to ſee me up;" ſhe took ſome drops, and then deſired he might come up; "do not leave us," ſaid ſhe, "your preſence may be of ſervice to us both."

"I then

I then went to conduct him to her room.

" *Now*, my dear friend, collect all your fortitude; for your wife's ſake ſtruggle againſt your weakneſs."

He nodded his head to me, but could not utter a word; he entered the room; ſhe feebly extended her arms; in a moment he was at her feet, kiſſing her hand, and hiding his face in her lap.

She trembled exceſſively, but was the firſt to ſpeak;

" My dear Auguſtine, my firſt, my only love, ſpeak to your Leonora."

He aroſe, holding her hand, looked at her emaciated frame, her death-like countenance; turned his eyes on me, then gently claſped her in his arms;

" My

" My wife, my Leonora! is this my promiſed happineſs? oh God! this is too, too much to bear."

I advanced, and placing a chair cloſe to her's, diſengaged him from her, and placed him in it; he hung over her, the big tears rolling down his cheeks, her hand claſped in his; a beautiful colour mounted to her face; her eyes brightened as ſhe ſpoke, and though her voice was broke, it ſeemed clear and collected.

" My deareſt huſband, why are you ſo afflicted—this event muſt, at ſome time, have happened; perhaps when in high health—without preparation—without time to prepare myſelf for the awful change—rather be grateful to heaven, that time has been lent me to repent of my errors—I truſt I ſhall there meet forgiveneſs; do you too forgive me, you, whom a too tender affection for an unhappy orphan, induced to break through vows ſolemnly

ſolemnly pledged to heaven; may my ſorrow, my deep contrition, atone for all."

She ſtopt in great emotion; not a word eſcaped from the Abbe, whoſe eyes, fixed on her's, was the only appearance he had of animation.

"Mr. Collyer," reſumed ſhe, "my dear, my ſecond beſt friend, give me your hand."

I did ſo; her's were cold and trembling; ſhe joined it with his.

"Remember," ſaid ſhe, with energy, "that I join you as friends, never to be ſeparated: remember, my deareſt huſband, that you have ſacred duties to perform; that you muſt live to repent of your errors, to be uſeful to your fellow creatures—then ſhall we meet in heaven: promiſe me," ſaid ſhe, "that you *will live*, that you will obey my laſt requeſt, and be guided by Mr. Collyer."

"Yes,"

"Yes," cried he, without moving his eyes from her's; *yes, I will live* to be wretched, *life* ſhall be *my* puniſhment, *heaven your* reward."

"Then," ſaid ſhe, "you confirm my happineſs in death, for that heaven will ſupport you, when your paſſions are ſubdued by reaſon—we ſhall meet again, be aſſured we ſhall, if you wait God's appointed time."

She pauſed, the colour forſook her cheeks, ſhe turned her eyes on me, then on him.

"My dear Auguſtine, ſupport me in your arms."

He eagerly drew her to his boſom, ſhe reclined her head on it.

"I did not expect to be ſo happy," ſaid ſhe, falteringly, "I would have avoided this interview, but I was to die happy—in a huſband's arms!"

She

She fetched her breath with difficulty; I held ſome ſalts to her.

" My dear friend," ſaid I, " had you not better recline on the bed; you are fatigued; pray let us help you on the bed, or let me call the nurſe."

" No," ſaid ſhe, " I will remain here, *here* is my laſt reſting place."

She ſmelt to the drops, looked at me

" I have exerted nature to its utmoſt pitch.

She lay for two or three minutes gaſping for breath—then trying to raiſe her head, which ſunk again on her huſband's boſom.

" My love! my huſband! my friend!"

She ſtopt at each word.

" I am

" I am happy, bleſs—"

Her voice grew inarticulate; her hand ſhrunk from mine, and I ſaw ſhe was dying; ſhe panted for a moment or two, and then, with two ſhort fluttering ſighs, the ſcene of life cloſed for ever!

At the ſame moment he fell ſenſeleſs, and I caught the head of the departed angel, and reclined it againſt the chair. My exclamations brought in the nurſe, and my houſe-keeper; the latter aſſiſted me to get the unfortunate Abbe from the ſacred chamber of death, and ſending in for the phyſician, he breathed a vein, which reſtored him to life; he promiſed to remain with him, my man ſervant attending, whilſt my houſe-keeper went to aſſiſt the nurſe in her neceſſary duties. I have been near two hours trying to recover myſelf; the impreſſion of this moving ſcene, never, never will be eraſed—may my laſt end be like her's, tranquil and happy—ſhe was an angel!

Mr.

Mr. Collyer covered his face, and wept aloud; Biddulph's had been hid by his handkerchief for ſeveral minutes. Both remained in ſolemn ſorrow for ſome time, unable to expreſs their feelings by words!

Neither of the gentlemen could preſently recover from the affecting remembrance of the melancholy termination of a meeting, ſo anxiouſly wiſhed for by the Abbe; both felt for his ſituation, and knowing the irritability of his temper, was fearful of the effects that grief and deſpair might produce.

"He will not abſolutely deſtroy himſelf, I dare believe," ſaid Mr. Collyer, "but the misfortunes of his life will prey on his mind, and by ſlow degrees undermine his conſtitution, which was the caſe of his amiable lamented wife. I could not have felt more heart-wounding ſorrow, had ſhe been my own child; but heaven knows what is beſt fitting for us."

Biddulph

Biddulph regretted the unpleaſant ſituation of the ladies.

"Deſirous as I am," ſaid he, "of ſeeing the poor Abbe reſtored to ſome degree of compoſure, I cannot wiſh Miſs Franklyn to remain here; this is a houſe of mourning; her ſuſceptible heart will catch the contagion, and render her unhappy; it was an untoward journey, yet I feel a ſatisfaction that I did accompany the poor Abbe, and ſhall rejoice to hear that he bears his ſorrows like a man and a Chriſtian; I can ſympathize with him, for I have ſuffered like him, and know the pangs of loſing thoſe we love for ever; but heaven knows the ſtrength of man, and will not afflict us beyond all power of conſolation, if we exert our reaſon."

"Ah! my dear ſir," cried Mr. Collyer, "we are all philoſophers upon reflection, and when the afflictive ſtroke is long ſince paſt, or wounds not immediately our own hearts; but the leſſons of reaſon and patience are

are not attended to in the hour when our fondeſt hopes of happineſs appears to us to be clouded in for ever. My earneſt endeavours ſhall be exerted to enable our poor friend to bear his misfortunes with reſignation, and may the Almighty pour conſolation into his mind! your company would have afforded me much pleaſure, and have aſſiſted me in the arduous taſk I have to perform; but accompanied as you are, I cannot deſire it, and am only ſorry my preſent feelings, and the attention I muſt pay here, preclude me from paying Miſs Franklyn thoſe civilities, which would otherwiſe have been ſo great a pleaſure to myſelf."

Biddulph expreſſed his thanks, and added, "I ſhall perſuade the ladies to reſt here this day, and viſit the beautiful environs of Bethlehem: to-morrow morning, previous to our ſetting off, I will ſee you for five minutes, that I may know how the unfortunate Abbe has paſſed the night."

Taking

Taking leave of Mr. Collyer, he returned to the ladies, and was obliged to repeat the painful relation of Mr. Collyer, which moſt deeply affected Harriot, and ſo entirely depreſſed her ſpirits, that ſhe was very little capable of receiving any pleaſure from the beauties of the ſurrounding hills, or the ſmooth gloſſy ſurface of the Delaware, which flowed between them. They walked, however, 'till a late hour, to amuſe their ideas, and prevent them from dwelling on the late melancholy event.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

EARLY on the next morning, Biddulph repaired to Mr. Collyer's, who was riſen, and expected him. After the cuſtomary ſalutations,

"Thank heaven," ſaid Mr. Collyer, "the Abbe has retained his ſenſes, and is neither outrageous, nor quite ſilent; he ſpeaks very little indeed, but that little is rational and calm; his heavy ſighs beſpeak a mind

deeply oppreſſed; but he ſubmits to the phyſician's orders, nor refuſed the refreſhments I tendered to him; he took ſome wine and toaſt from me laſt night, drank a little wine, and tried to eat, but could not ſwallow; that I did not much expect, but the effort contented me; we cannot expect him to be reſigned and reſtored all at once; beſides, his general ſtate of health appears to me much hurt, owing, I ſuppoſe, to his uneaſineſs during the long time that he was a priſoner among the Indians; time, however, that great alleviator of our ſorrows, will, I hope, reſtore him to a compoſed mind, and then the body will ſoon partake of its influence."

As Biddulph could propoſe no pleaſure to himſelf, nor comfort to the Abbe, in viſiting him, he requeſted Mr. Collyer to make his beſt and affectionate remembrances to him, and that he ſhould ever be intereſted in his welfare, and happy to hear of his amended health, the progreſs of which, Mr. Collyer kindly promiſed to inform him of.

Taking

Taking leave of that gentleman with equal reſpect and eſteem, he returned to Miſs Franklyn, who ſtill perſiſted in her deſire of ſeeing the Quakers. Biddulph would gladly, at that time, have diſpenſed with the viſit, as it retarded his return to Philadelphia, and conſequently protracted the time, when he hoped to be made happy; but he ſubmitted to her wiſhes, though not without taking great credit to himſelf on the occaſion, more eſpecially, as he ſaid, it was going out of the way; was a great round-about, and they might poſſibly experience ſome inconveniencies from detached ſtraggling parties of troops on either ſide; but Miſs Franklyn was a woman; ſhe enjoyed a *little* portion of that curioſity, which influenced our grand-mother eve; had a *little* will of her own, and liked, on ſome occaſions, to carry a point as well as another; ſhe therefore made light of his objections, and rallied off his fears, 'till he was obliged to acquieſce.

Bidding adieu to Bethlehem, (where Mrs. Bailey ſecretly reſolved *ſhe* would never reſide) they paſſed through the woods and villages, 'till they arrived at the banks of the Delaware, which they croſſed to Staten-Iſland, and then proceeded towards the vale; happily they had met with no interruption in their journey, nor was likely to experience but one inconvenience; but *that one* might have been a ſerious conſideration, had not the provident Andrew, with his uſual forethought, ſecured, at the laſt village, where they breakfaſted, a little ſtore of proviſions for dinner. Andrew had not forgotten the road, and remembered good living was not very plentiful among the ſmall cottages they paſſed through, therefore, ſeeing there was food to be had at their breakfaſting houſe, he thought very wiſely, that a ſecurity for ſome dinner was no bad plan.

His maſter not doing juſtice to Andrew's ſegacity, began to grow uneaſy on the ladies account, ſuppoſing they muſt be much fatigued,

gued, and in want of refreſhment; when expreſſing his concern to them, juſt as they had quitted a wood, and were entering into a beautiful valley, Andrew rode up;

"And pleaſe your honour, and my good lady, (for he never included the "old girl," in the plural of ladies) if you'll deſcend to eat a bit of my providing, here is ſome nice beef, and half a loaf of bread; I could not bring any drink, becauſe I thought madam might not like to ſee me attending her, with a jug by my ſide; here's meat enough, however, and in good clean paper too."

Miſs Franklyn, delighted with this polite invitation, readily accepted it, they alighted, and ſeated on the fine turf, they enjoyed a delicious repaſt by the ſide of each other, which, perhaps, was the circumſtance that rendered it ſo pleaſing: as for Andrew, he was ſo proud on the compliments he received for his good cheer, that it was better than meat and drink to him; he grudged madam

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Bailey to be ſure, becauſe he remembered his diſgraceful diſmiſſion by her; but when he ſaw how humble ſhe was to his maſter, and civil to himſelf, why he thought 'twas hardly worth while to be angry with the "old cat" any longer.

After they had finiſhed their meal, they reſumed their journey, until they arrived at the village; they alighted at a ſmall public houſe, or as they called it, a tavern; and leaving Andrew to ſecure what accommodations for them he could find, they proceeded through the vale, and at length Biddulph pointed out the beautiful little farm, where the hoſpitable Quakers dwelt.

As they advanced nearer, he perceived his friend Rebecca, ſitting on the bench, under the ſhade of the trees, her two children playing beſide her—ſhe ſaw perſons advancing, and roſe to meet them; they quickened their pace, and in a moment ſhe recognized Biddulph—

dulph—he flew to meet her, caught her hand, and bowing on it reſpectfully,

"My amiable preſerver, I rejoice to ſee you."

"Verily, friend," ſaid ſhe, honeſt joy ſpringing to her eyes, "and I am truly glad to ſee thee—who are thy companions?"

"The young lady," anſwered he, "is one of the moſt amiable of women, whom I hope, ſoon, to call my wife; the other her guardian: we have come a long way on purpoſe to ſee you, and your worthy huſband; I hope he is well."

"He is," ſhe replied, "and truly we are obliged to thee; introduce the maiden to me."

He ſtept back, and taking Miſs Franklyn's hand, "this, madam," ſaid he, taking one of Rebecca's, and joining it with her's, "is

my good, my generous preſerver, who you have ſo often heard me mention, with love and reſpect; and this young lady, my good friend, is deſerving of your regard."

"Her countenance ſpeaketh in her favour," ſaid the Quaker, "I am prepared to eſteem her."

Mrs. Bailey was then introduced, but as ſhe was dreſſed rather a *little* too gay for her age, in the eyes of Rebecca, ſhe, who had not learnt, like modern dames, to eſtimate things by their appearance, only bowed her head but coolly, and ſurveyed her garb with an eye of indifference, if not of contempt. Not ſo did ſhe regard Miſs Franklyn; her open countenance, where modeſty ſat enthroned, without affectation, and beamed with ſenſibility and good nature, attracted the heart of Rebecca; and when ſhe led her into the houſe, ſhe ſtill preſſed her hand involuntarily, ſaying,

"Verily

"Verily I thank friend Biddulph for this viſit; thy company will give us pleaſure."

"You are very kind, madam," replied Miſs Franklyn, "to forgive an intruſion, made with ſo little ceremony; Mr. Biddulph's account of his eſteemed friends, made me anxious to ſee them: I was prepared to reſpect, but now, methinks, I muſt do more, I muſt love you, if you will permit me."

"Thee art a ſeducing maiden; thee haſt gained the heart of our friend, and wilt likewiſe have a ſhare of mine; thee and I are friends already; thy heart is in thine eye. Come hither, friend Biddulph," ſaid ſhe to him, who, with a child in each hand, was ſaying a hundred kind things to his little play-mates; "come hither and tell me, where didſt thee pick up this maiden, ſo unlike the gaudy butterflies of the world."

"Miſs Franklyn," anſwered he, "is a native of Philadelphia, and I was ſure would gain your approbation, for good hearts are attractive to each other."

Rebecca looked at him with complacency, bowing her head, and leading the way to her parlour, deſired they would be ſeated.

"Abraham will be glad to ſee thee," ſaid ſhe, "he will ſoon return."

"Your good friend, Monſieur Routier, how does he do? he promiſed to write to me; I ſent him one letter, but never had an anſwer."

"It was not his fault," anſwered ſhe, "for he ſpeaketh of thee with regard; but letters have often miſcarried; he is well, better much, both in health and ſpirits, than when thou ſaweſt him laſt, though he will always be ſorrowful for his loſt maiden."

The entrance of Abraham changed the ſubject; he expreſſed much pleaſure on being ſaluted by Biddulph.

"Friend, thee art heartily welcome; I rejoice that thee haſt eſcaped from the field of blood; my ſpouſe and myſelf were often troubled for thee."

"Yea," ſaid Rebecca, "we many times talked of thee with concern, and thee haſt juſtified our good opinion, by being grateful, an eſſential virtue, yet but little practiſed; this kind remembrance ſpeaketh volumes in thy favour. In the midſt of wars and tumults, it hath pleaſed our Heavenly Father to let *us* reſt in peace; many unfortunates have ſojourned with us, but none have attracted our regards like thee."

"And your approbation, my dear madam," returned Biddulph, "does me more honour, and gives me a ſuperiour pleaſure,

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"And your approbation, my dear madam," returned Biddulph, "does me more honour, and gives me a ſuperiour pleaſure,

than what a thouſand plaudits from a ſuperficial multitude could do."

"We received thy letter from Philadelphia," ſaid Abraham, "and friend Edey ſpoke well of thee; perhaps thou knoweſt not that ſhe hath committed an act of folly."

"I was informed," replied Biddulph, "that ſhe had loſt her huſband, and that his clerk carried on the buſineſs, and was much in her favour."

"Speak not of her," ſaid Rebecca, "ſhe has conducted herſelf unworthily, but it becometh not us to blazon her frailty."

"I ſuppoſe," returned Biddulph, "ſhe is married to the young man."

"Thee gueſſeth right," replied Abraham, "ſhe was joined unto him within thirty days after friend Edey was gathered to the boſom of his fathers."

"Let

"Let us not remember her, I pray thee," ſaid Rebecca, "her folly will be her puniſhment."

Some fruits and cream were placed before them, and then *the friends* inquired a little more particularly into Biddulph's adventures; he gave the outlines only, for Miſs Franklyn and Mrs. Bailey being preſent, delicacy obliged him to ſuppreſs many circumſtances; however, they both congratulated him and Harriot, on the proſpect before them, and prognoſticated, that good hearts like theirs, would enjoy happineſs, becauſe they would mutually endeavour to deſerve it.

"Thou and thy friends," ſaid Rebecca, "muſt ſojourn ſome days with us; we have two beds at thy ſervice, and I pray thee, ſay not nay, for I wiſh to know thy reſpected bethrothed a little better; ſhe hath an intereſt in my affections already, and thou wilt aſſuredly viſit neighbour Routier."

"Your

"Your kind invitation, madam," anſwered Miſs Franklyn, who ſaw Biddulph heſitated, "is too agreeable to my wiſhes to be refuſed; and I hope my good friends are equally ready to profit by your goodneſs."

They both politely aſſented, though Biddulph's eyes ſeemed to convey a little reproach.

"I like thy frankneſs," ſaid Rebecca, "candour and openneſs denoteth a ſpotleſs mind. Near twelve moons hath revolved, ſince friend Biddulph was in this houſe, we were then in the ſeat of war; peace hath reigned here for ſome time, and we have eſcaped thoſe calamities which hath overwhelmed many of our neighbours; praiſed be the Lord for it. In the evening thou ſhalt viſit thoſe ſhades, hear the little feathered minſtrel, which delighted our friend; and to-morrow we will ſee neighbour Routier, perhaps he may return with us, and partake of our repaſt."

The

The evening was ſpent moſt delightfully; Miſs Franklyn, ſeated by the amiable Quaker, in the proſpect of the beautiful vale; Mr. Routier's houſe, the ſurrounding woods, and entertained by a converſation, in which goodneſs, ſterling ſenſe, joined with unaffected ſimplicity, could not fail to intereſt the heart, and make it expand with univerſal love and benevolence, thought, that this ſpot ſhe could make the boundary of all her wiſhes; bleſt with thoſe ſhe eſteemed and loved; retired from a tumultuous world, employed in works of induſtry and benevolence, what pleaſures could a rational mind wiſh for, beyond what this vale might afford!

Far differently were Mrs. Bailey's thoughts employed; her mind could not bear the inſpection of the Quaker's ſcrutinizing eyes, which ſeemed to penetrate into her inmoſt thoughts; their plainneſs of manners, ſimplicity of dreſs, and words which appeared to ſpring from the heart, gave her both fear and diſguſt; her old friend Edey, was to her a

far

far more preferable companion than the primitive Rebecca; ſhe could not object to Miſs Franklyn's wiſh, but ſhe conſidered the days ſhe was to paſs there, as a ſevere penance upon her; compelled, however, to *appear* ſatisfied, the reſtraint ſhe impoſed upon herſelf, did not eſcape the keen obſervation of the Quakers, and made them very indifferent *to her*.

The following day, at an early hour, Biddulph accompanied Abraham to Monſieur Routier's; they were let in by Joſeph, who expreſſed much pleaſure at ſeeing them, and ran to acquaint his maſter of Biddulph's arrival. Monſieur Routier quickly appeared, and welcomed the former with a friendly ſincerity that delighted him: nor was he leſs pleaſed at obſerving, that the heavy melancholy which had clouded his countenance when he laſt ſaw him, had given place to a ſober kind of placidneſs, which ſeemed the effect of ſtudy and reflection, that had blunted the acuteneſs of affliction's darts, and mellowed

ed grief into a remembrance not leſs painful, but leſs obtruſive, and more under the regulation of reaſon. In the courſe of converſation, he found his obſervations juſtified; his ſubjects were more diffuſive, and his language more animated; but ſome time after, talking of his improvements, he carried them into his grounds; they paſſed the repoſitory of his treaſures, the little temple where the body of his Thereſa was interred, and which was now ſurrounded with beautiful ſhrubs in full bloom:

"Behold," ſaid he, turning to Biddulph, "that ſacred ſpot, ſee how it is encircled; ah! how little avails all that profuſion of ſweets to ſoften ſorrow, or leſſen a never ceaſing regret! yet 'tis *there* my attentions are directed, to beautify the little ſpot of earth, which contains the remains of love and conſtancy."

He ſighed heavily, and for a few moments was ſilent, but recovered himſelf to anſwer ſome

ſome obſervations of Biddulph's, reſpecting a piece of ruins he was building, and afterwards engaged in the converſation with much compoſure. Abraham preſſed him to accompany them back to Rebecca; he had already been informed of the company there;

"How can you aſk me," ſaid he, "do you wiſh to rouze up all thoſe paſſions I am labouring to ſubdue? can I view the objects which I am bid to expect, without feeling the moſt bitter pangs? no," added he, turning to Biddulph, "no, I cannot return with you; I never more wiſh to behold the face of beauty, but in my good Rebecca: I envy not your agreeable proſpects; on the contrary, you have my ſincereſt wiſhes, my earneſt prayers for the completion of them: but I cannot truſt my own feelings; jealouſy and envy might ariſe in my mind, and my own unhappy fate revert upon me in its worſt colours—I cannot therefore viſit at the farm whilſt there is company, but if your friends wiſh to ſee this abode of melancholy, they are welcome;

welcome; this afternoon I ſhall devote to fiſhing on the other ſide of the wood; Joſeph ſhall attend here, and can bring me word when you have left it—excuſe me to your—" he ſtopt—" to your friend—I hope to ſee you once again before you leave the vale, but it muſt be *alone*."

Biddulph, who knew Miſs Franklyn's curioſity, accepted his offered civility, with thanks, and for the time he ſtayed after, changed the converſation to ſome of his adventures in Philadelphia and New-York, which inſtantly almoſt diſperſed the ſorrow before viſible in Monſieur Routier, and proved the ſenſibility of his mind, by the quick tranſitions of his appearance, as the ſubjects varied and carried him out of himſelf.

After ſpending near three hours, and partaking of his breakfaſt, they returned to the farm; Miſs Franklyn was diſappointed that ſhe could not ſee Monſieur Routier, whoſe love and conſtancy, only equalled by his

Thereſa's,

Thereſa's, had inſpired her with awe and reſpect for him;

"Yet," ſaid ſhe, "I reproach myſelf for the wiſh; ſorrow, like his, is ſo ſacred, and an unalterable affection, which has withſtood the perſecutions of the world, and even death itſelf, ſo truly uncommon and reſpectable, that it ought not to be the gaze of curioſity, or gratify an indifferent heart."

"Thou thinkeſt rightly," ſaid Rebecca, "but thine, I am ſure, is not an indifferent heart; nevertheleſs, I believe it is beſt he ſhould not ſee thee."

After dinner they repaired to the valley, where ſtood Monſieur Routier's houſe; the ſituation was ſo truly beautiful, that Harriot exclaimed,

"This is certainly an earthly paradiſe!"

They

They viewed the houſe and gardens, and at length entered the *temple*; with awe and ſenſibility Miſs Franklyn approached the urn; tears involuntarily ſtrayed down her cheeks, and her boſom heaved with ſighs, when ſhe read the inſcription.

" Unfortunate lovers!" cried ſhe, " victims to an ill-judged pride! poor miſtaken parents, behold the ſacrifice to worldly ambition! how many fruitleſs tears have you ſhed for miſeries of your own creating!"

She ſtood contemplating it for ſome time, until Biddulph, alarmed at her emotions, drew her gently from the ſcene, and conducted her to a little terrace, that overlooked the river and ſurrounding country, and which view checked the feelings ſhe would freely have indulged in. Having ſurveyed every part of this lovely retreat, they beſtowed a gratuity on Joſeph for his trouble, and departed, leaving compliments and thanks for his maſter.

Two days were ſpent with the engaging Quakers; on the third, Biddulph prevailed with Miſs Franklyn to fix their departure for the next day; ſhe complied rather reluctantly, for ſhe was captivated and delighted with Rebecca; nor was ſhe leſs fond of Harriot.

"Thou art a good young woman," ſaid ſhe to her, "thy heart is ſenſible and pure; thou art going to be joined to a worthy young man; thou wilt mix with the world, and 'twill be a miracle if thou eſcapeſt the corruption of example, and the allurements of vanity: watch over thyſelf, be not proud in thine own conceit, for that is the ſtumbling block to virtue. Be conſtant in thy affections, and earneſt in thy endeavours to deſerve thy huſband's love—magnify not his faults, but lead him gently out of error, ſhould he happen to wander from the right path: human nature is frail, the very beſt of us are fallible; kindneſs may recover, reproach never yet ſucceeded with a ſenſible mind. I ſpeak on *ſuppoſition*, for it appeareth to me

friend

friend Biddulph hath a good heart, and will ſtand but in little need of thy indulgence or advice, in caſe of error; but who is there that can boaſt of his virtues or his ſtrength! my heart mixeth with thine; I am anxious for thy happineſs; thy letters conveying to me that thee art happy, and that mutual love preſideth over thine houſhold, will be to me a cordial—hold faſt the integrity of thy heart—cheriſh the benevolence that may benefit thy fellow creatures—be good, and thou wilt be happy *here*, and rejoice in the boſom of thy father Abraham hereafter."

Miſs Franklyn received this friendly admonition, whilſt Biddulph was gone to take leave of Monſieur Routier; ſhe had good ſenſe enough to hear it with pleaſure, and receive it with thankfulneſs, as the pure offering of an honeſt affectionate heart.

"This kind advice, my dear madam," ſaid ſhe, kiſſing her hand, "I eſteem as not the leaſt of your favours; I ſhall write it in the

the tablet of my memory, never to be forgotten."

"Wear this bauble, then," ſaid ſhe, preſenting to her a gold chain, in remembrance of me; "it was given to me by an old aunt, a ſiſter of my mother, who was not of our perſuaſion; it becometh not my character or principles, to put on outward ornaments; it hath lain uſeleſs in my drawer; its value is not much, though I regarded it for the ſake of the donor; nor can it be better beſtowed, than as a cement to our mutual regard, if thee wilt kindly accept it."

Harriot received it with pleaſure, and having a very elegant ſmelling bottle in her pocket, ſhe entreated Rebecca to oblige her, by accepting it;

"Let me have the pleaſure to think," ſaid ſhe, "that you will ſometimes look on this trifle, as the offering of the pureſt reſpect and eſteem."

"It

"It is rather too fine and coſtly," anſwered Rebecca, "but I will not refuſe it, becauſe I will not offend thee."

Whilſt thoſe two amiable women were expreſſing the genuine feelings of their hearts, which a very ſhort acquaintance had ſerved to unfold, Biddulph had taken a very affecting leave of Monſieur Routier, and ſettled a correſpondence with him, during his reſidence at Philadelphia, with a hope of its continuance, whenever he ſhould return to England.

"I am now," ſaid Routier, "arrived at that ſtate of mind, which enables me to reflect on my misfortunes, without *violent* grief, though never without ſorrow. I am capable of enjoying the company and converſation of the Quakers, and their few friends; my happieſt hours are indeed thoſe I ſpend in my temple, but I ſeek to amuſe my mind, and when I retire there, after the frivolous occupations of the day, I enjoy a luxury, beyond what the world can beſtow. The children

of our good friends, I have made my heirs to the little I poſſeſs. Jacob and Sarah," added he, ſighing, at the recollection of paſt ſcenes, " Jacob and Sarah I have rewarded for their kindneſs, to the extent of their humble wiſhes; they have no children. Rebecca is the moſt amiable of women; ſhe is the true Chriſtian; her charity and benevolence is univerſal—her family is all the world to me. I wiſh *you*, ſir, happy, you have known misfortunes; heaven has given you a mind capable of riſing above them, of enjoying future happineſs—may you be bleſt in your wiſhes, and henceforth paſs your life in eaſe and tranquillity."

Biddulph could not hear him without emotion; they parted rather abruptly, for both were affected when they ſhook hands for the laſt time.

He returned to the farm with his ſpirits a little oppreſſed, which the ſight of his Harriot

riot relieved, and they mutually communicated the paſt converſation with their friends.

All this time, Mrs. Bailey was ſauntering from place to place, playing now and then with the children, and endeavouring to kill the hours, which hung heavy upon her hands, by anticipating the pleaſures ſhe might enjoy at Philadelphia, with her additional hundred a year. All ideas of being a member of the Moravian inſtitution, were totally aboliſhed; and ſince her viſit at Bethlehem, her fondneſs for that ſect was conſiderably abated; it required firmer principles, and a better heart than her's, to give up herſelf to acts of charity, induſtry and benevolence; but as in inſtitutions, there are unworthy members, ſo in every form of worſhip, and in every different perſuaſion, we meet with corrupt hearts and bad principles; yet God forbid, that either in the one or the other, the ill conduct of individuals ſhould draw down indiſcriminate cenſure on any mode of worſhip.

To fear God, to obey his laws, and to love and ſerve our fellow creatures, with an univerſal charity for all mankind, muſt be the baſis of all religion, let its particular forms be what they may.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

THE parting of our travellers with the amiable Quakers was truly affectionate, for they parted, in all probability, to meet no more in this world! The reflection was melancholy, and gave a ſadneſs to their hearts. Andrew, who had participated largely in the generous hoſpitality at the farm, beſtowed on them a thouſand bleſſings with a tearful eye. "For your ſakes, thought he, I will never more laugh at the broad-brim'd hat, the ſtiff figure, and queer 'yeas and nays' of a Quaker man, nor the little round hood and plain dreſs of the woman friend.

I will remember, that goodneſs, hoſpitality, and true hearts, may be found under every ſort of covering, and that Abrahams and Rebeccas may live in England as well as in America."

They purſued their journey without any accident or inconvenience, and in due time arrived ſafely at Philadelphia. Miſs Franklyn's houſe being let, Mr. Biddulph had written to Barclay, requeſting him, or Mr. Manly, to procure lodgings for the Ladies; the latter being a bachelor had ſufficient accommodations in his houſe, and being an elderly man, and having always in his profeſſion attended Miſs Franklyn's family, he conceived there would be no impropriety in offering them his houſe; he therefore ſought for no other, and Biddulph had a bed ſecured for him at Mrs. Nelſon's. No objection was made to this arrangement, and they were ſoon comfortably diſpoſed of.

Biddulph,

Biddulph, to his great ſatisfaction, met with letters from Mr. Barrow, and another from Mr. Fitzwarren, who acquainted him with the ſafe arrival of the poor widow and her family, that he had put them in poſſeſſion of their cottage, and thanked Biddulph for recommending perſons ſo truly deſerving every aſſiſtance. He added, that his workmen made great progreſs, and that he had already received ſeveral applications to rent ſome of his cottages, and to eſtabliſh a little village and ſome manufactory. — Of this, (continued he) I ſhall think hereafter; the preſent plan for benefitting twenty poor families ſhall be firſt completed, if any manufactory can be eſtabliſhed for the *benefit* of the *community*, and as an employment for the poor, I ſhall conſider of it ſome time hence. Both my health and ſpirits are conſiderably improved, and to you I ſhall hold myſelf indebted for the recovery of both."

This letter gave Biddulph very ſincere pleaſure, and having received Barclay's congra-

tulation on the little expected alteration in his affairs, he conſulted him on the meaſures neceſſary to be purſued to facilitate his marriage with Miſs Franklyn. — Manly was thought the propereſt perſon to undertake the buſineſs, and him they reſolved to employ the very next day. Biddulph was in hopes to have met a letter from Mr. Collyer, and was a little concerned to find no ſuch had been received. Miſs Franklyn met the congratulations of all her friends on her return to Philadelphia, and, as Mr. Manly took care to make Mr. Biddulph known as a young man of family and fortune, and Mrs. Bailey readily took merit to herſelf in giving her conſent; every body ſeemed to approve of the marriage, and every preparation, as to writings and ſettlements, began to be put in great forwardneſs.

Mrs. Bailey looked out for a ſmall houſe for herſelf; Miſs Franklyn's was advertiſed for ſale; Barclay, who had no local prejudices, was tired of living without any near connexions,

connexions, and wiſhed for change of ſcenes, determined to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Biddulph, when united, to England, which reſolution of his gave them much pleaſure. He had written to Mrs. Smith's friend, requeſting ſhe would break to her the death of her huſband, accounting for it in a natural manner, as if he had been overtaken by ſickneſs in his journey; and he now received an anſwer from her, ſaying, "that Mrs. Smith had at firſt ſuffered a good deal from the information, but that ſhe was now more tranquil, and ſhe hoped a certainty of his fate would make her more eaſy than the painful ſuſpenſe ſhe had ſo long endured."

As there was no time for procuring from England any other certain amount of Mr. Biddulph's property than his own account, the teſtimony of William Biddulph, and Mr. Barrow's letters afforded, and with which Miſs Franklyn, with generous candour, declared herſelf to be ſatisfied: The writings were drawn by his directions, ſettling upon

her the whole of her own fortune, and a certain proportion of his as a jointure. She objected to this, but he would not be denied; her own property therefore was reſerved for herſelf and younger children. During theſe tranſactions ſhe received a letter from Miſs Neſbitt, and had the pleaſure to hear all that family were well, alſo the good Newtons, tho' their ſpirits never recovered the ſhock they ſuſtained in the loſs of their ſon and daughter. Sharpley (ſhe ſaid) was returned, and, to all appearance at preſent, behaved very well. Mrs. Downman had been brought to Mrs. Newton's the preceding day, Mr. Arnold having called and ſeen her there, and thought her a fine looking woman, though much reduced." This was the purport of Miſs Neſbitt's letter, and it gave them all great ſatisfaction.

The following day brought one that counterbalanced the other, and filled them with extreme ſorrow: A letter from Mr. Collyer to the following effect: ——

"TO

" TO MR. BIDDULPH.

" I ſhould have written to you ſooner, my dear Sir, had not the affliction, with which I have been overwhelmed, precluded me from all power of relating the melancholy event, which has taken place ſince your departure from hence. This is the firſt day that my fingers have been quiet enough to hold my pen ſince the event I allude to, and I will endeavour to be circumſtantial.

" The day you left us, and the two ſubſequent ones, the poor Abbe diſcovered no alarming ſymptoms, no violence of grief; his tumultuous paſſions ſeemed all ſubſided, and I hoped the advice of his angelic wife had produced the change in his diſpoſition ſhe wiſhed for. He eat little or nothing, but that I ſcarcely expected, when I ſpoke to him, he anſwered calm and rational, though exceedingly low; yet he aſked queſtions relative to the interment of his wife, and ſaid he ſhould accompany her to the grave. This

intention I ſtrove to divert, by aſſuring him I ſhould attend for him; but, in a quick firm tone, he ſaid, 'No man ſhall do the laſt duties for her but myſelf; I will ſee the earth ſwallow up all my treaſure, witneſs the cloſe of all my earthly happineſs, and then I ſhall be content."

"It was fruitleſs to contend with him, I therefore made no reply. He requeſted ſhe might be interred in our chapel, and the ſixth day after her deceaſe. The day previous to that he was taken from his bed, weak as an infant, but he would ſee her once more. He was ſupported to the room. To deſcribe the ſcene would wound your feelings as they did mine. She looked, even in death, lovely, her features ſeemed impreſſed with a ſweet ſerenity, and had undergone little or no change. With difficulty I dragged him from the room. He uttered not one word; but his ſilence was more terrible, for his heart ſeemed burſting. He would not return to his bed; he paſſed the night in his chair,

without ſpeaking or taking any refreſhment, but a ſmall glaſs of wine and water. In the morning I went to him, and remonſtrated on the injury he did his health."

" Be not diſpleaſed (ſaid he) in a faint voice) this day will end all." He aſked what hour the funeral took place, that he might be quite ready. I told him, but requeſted that, if he perſiſted in his reſolution of attending, he would take ſome refreſhment to ſupport his ſpirits."

" I want nothing (he replied) ſtay till all is over !"

" I did not chooſe to urge him, and when the melancholy hour came, he was ſupported by two perſons to the grave. Never ſhall I forget his looks, ſcarce with any appearance of life, every limb trembled, every pulſe ſeemed convulſed with agony ! When the ceremony was nearly gone through, at the moment when the coffin was depoſited in the

the grave, he ſuddenly diſengaged his arms from his ſupporters, and threw himſelf upon the coffin! The fall was violent, every one was alarmed, my feelings at the moment I cannot deſcribe. Several perſons attempted to raiſe him, but his weight, and the ſituation, made it difficult without ſtepping on the hallowed wood where he lay. He was turned in the attempt; no ſigns of life appeared, but a violent bleeding at the noſe and mouth from the blows he received in falling. He was at length got up, the bleeding endeavoured to be ſtopped, his heart beat, or rather fluttered violently, inſtant relief was brought of drops, ſalts and ſuch like; but we could not get him to ſwallow, he never opened his eyes, nor uttered a groan; we carried him into the chaplain's room; he continued to breathe for about two hours without any other ſigns of life, and at the expiration of that time the vital ſpark fled for ever! Poor, poor Abbe! lamented Leonora! affectionate, unfortunate pair! victims of a too tender affection, and the impetuoſity of the paſſions!

ſions! I truſt you are now united in Heaven in everlaſting bliſs!!

"Yeſterday morning the huſband and wife were cloſed together in the ſame grave! 'In life they were lovely, and in death they are not divided!'

"My dear Sir, thoſe melancholy events, and the loſs of the engaging, worthy Leonora, whom I loved as my child, preſs hard upon me; in the active duties of religion and benevolence I can only hope to ſooth my grief, and leſſen my regrets. They are happy; but the uncle of Leonora, the original cauſe of all her misfortunes, what may be the puniſhment of that wretch, I tremble to think of, for ſurely there is ſevere retribution for crimes like his.——

"I hope you and your friends got through your journey without inconvenience. May your future days be tranquil and happy. It would have given me pleaſure to have known your

your Miſs Franklyn, but all hopes of that are over. In all probability I ſhall never ſee you more. Accept my beſt wiſhes for your felicity in this life, and a glorious reſurrection in the life to come. In this wiſh I include all thoſe you love and reſpect. — Adieu, my dear Sir; I ſhall rejoice to hear from you; but let the *ſubject* of *this* letter be cloſed for ever!

Your faithful humble ſervant,

JOSEPH COLLYER."

The peruſal of this letter coſt them many tears. Miſs Franklyn was overwhelmed with ſadneſs at the melancholy cataſtrophe of their misfortunes. "Better, indeed (ſaid ſhe, as the poor Abbe obſerved) better would it have been that he had died in battle, or among the Indians, than to have returned and experienced ſuch a dreadful climax; but we, poor mortals, are little capable of judging for ourſelves, and often, in the very accompliſhment

compliſhment of our wiſhes, meet the evils we ſeek to avoid! They could not, for that day, ſhake off the melancholy impreſſion the contents of this letter left upon their minds, and Mr. Manly was obliged to exert all his lively powers to turn the current of their ideas."

The very next day Mr. Biddulph heard that it was determined upon that the Engliſh troops ſhould evacuate Philadelphia, and that a ſhip was going to be diſpatched for England with expreſſes from the Commiſſioners, who had been ſent over to negociate terms of peace with the Congreſs; but found infinite obſtacles in the negociation, from the declaration of the French court in the favour of the Americans.

Biddulph waited on Sir Henry Clinton, and got permiſſion to embark on board this ſhip with his friends. He haſtened to Miſs Franklyn with the intelligence, and urged this fortunate opportunity for their voyage

to

to England, as a motive to accelerate the marriage.

Barclay, Manly, Mrs. Bailey (who heartily wiſhed to get rid of thoſe ſhe was conſcious ſhe had injured) and the few acquaintances Miſs Franklyn had, all united in the ſame ſentiment, and at length overcame all her ſcruples. The day was fixed that inſured Biddulph's future happineſs; it came, and without parade, accompanied only by her real friends, the amiable Harriot gave her hand to Biddulph, and never yet has had cauſe to regret the gift. She remembers it with grateful tranſport as the day that gave her the delightful power of making a worthy man happy, and in *his* felicity to find her own confirmed by the conſtant tenderneſs and attention ſhe has ever experienced, becauſe it has been her unremitting ſtudy to deſerve it.

Letters were written to their friends, every one of whom rejoiced at their union; and, within

within ten days after their marriage, they took leave of the worthy Manly, to whom they had ſo many obligations. He gave them ſome hopes that he would pay them a viſit in England, ſhould matters be amicably adjuſted between America and the mother country; and they aſſured him, with truth, few things in this life would give them more ſincere ſatisfaction than the pleaſure of having him for their gueſt.

The good Mrs. Nelſon was really grieved at their departure, though ſhe received ſeveral handſome preſents as farewell remembrances. Mrs. Bailey to the laſt preſerved her duplicity; ſhe pretended to ſhed many hypocritical tears at parting, but in the *heighth* of her *affliction* drew Biddulph aſide to know if ſhe might depend upon the annuity of a hundred a year being punctually paid.

He aſſured her ſhe ſhould receive it from the hands of Mr. Manly, with whom he had ſettled the buſineſs.

She

She then relapſed into tears, and expreſſions of regret, ſo violent, as to draw upon her the contempt of Mrs. Biddulph, and a cold civility at parting, that ſpoke plain enough the value ſhe ſat upon her affectation of grief.

With Manly the caſe was widely different; real tears were ſhed on both ſides, and expreſſions of tenderneſs, that ſprung from the heart, rendered their laſt adieus truly painful to all parties, They embarked with proſperous gales. Mr. and Mrs. Biddulph, the worthy Barclay, a maid ſervant, the faithful Andrew (who was half out of his ſenſes with joy at the termination of his maſter's troubles) and a ſervant of Mr. Barclay's. — They bid adieu to the ſhores of America for ever, where Biddulph had witneſſed ſo many melancholy ſcenes; but where he had likewiſe experienced hoſpitality and friendſhip, and where he had met with a confirmation of happineſs, ſuch as he never expected to enjoy when he left England a

"VOLUNTARY EXILE" from his native country, and to which he never expected a return. His voyage was infinitely ſhorter than when he took his departure for America, and his mind, what a revolution had that undergone from the deepeſt ſorrow and heart-felt deſpair to exultation, happineſs, and the ſupreme delight of being intruſted with the future happineſs of an amiable woman! A ſacred truſt, which influenced every thought and action of his life. He had alſo acquired *a friend*, a bleſſing not very common in this age of frivolity and diſſipation; with two ſuch treaſures our hero looked forward to as much felicity as could fall to the lot of man. Mrs. Biddulph bore the voyage with excellent health and ſpirits, and having from the misfortunes that had happened in her family, but few, if any, local attachments to regret, ſhe had nothing to impede the preſent ſatisfaction ſhe enjoyed with her beloved huſband.

On a calm day, when they were ſitting on the deck contemplating the ſerene beauties of the ocean, and the ſun-beams playing on its ſurface, Mrs. Biddulph ſuddenly recollected the memoir of Mr. Fitzwarren: — 'Change your name, and increaſe your conſequence,' then I can refuſe nothing."

"Do you recollect theſe words (ſaid ſhe, ſmiling) and the claims I now adduce upon you?"

"Moſt perfectly (replied Biddulph) I feel the obligation, and your demands ſhall be gratified." He inſtantly repaired to open a ſmall trunk, where he knew thoſe memoirs were depoſited, and returned to fulfil his engagement.

Mrs. Biddulph was ſurpriſed at its bulk. "This is really a taſk (ſaid ſhe) to read all that quantity of papers."

"If

" If it fatigues you (anſwered he) remember you have drawn it upon yourſelf. I wiſh fatigue may be the only inconvenience; but I much fear your ſenſibility will be deeply wounded, for it muſt be a narrative of more than common misfortunes that could produce ſuch melancholy effects; prepare then to hear a ſtory of woe, and without having the ſatisfaction of knowing that the clouds of misfortune and ſorrow are all paſſed away; for I own my opinion is, that Mr. Fitzwarren's preſent occupations afford only a temporary relief to his mind, which, when the novelty wears off, and habitude has calmed that impetuoſity of temper, which purſues with avidity any ſudden novelty that may divert the current of his thoughts, he will inſenſibly ſink back to that languid inactive ſtate in which I found him."

" Your prelude is really melancholy (returned Mrs. Biddulph;) but *I* would rather indulge hope that an habitual cheerfulneſs may be the reſult of employments, which will

will carry him out of himſelf to enjoy the happineſs he communicates to others."

"Heaven grant, my love (ſaid Biddulph) that your hopes may be realized." He then proceeded to read the Memoir, which being really voluminous, and detached from this work, muſt be reſerved for a future publication, we can only ſay, therefore, that the peruſal coſt them many tears, and was too affecting to be gone through at once; but we muſt not anticipate the relation, nor ſatisfy a natural curioſity reſpecting the ſubſequent ſituation of Mr. Fitzwarren, all will appear in due time, not being immediately connected with the thread of this hiſtory."

Mr. Biddulph and his family ſafely arrived at Falmouth in Cornwall, from whence they ſet out poſt for Stanmore, the reverend Mr. Barrow's, who had been previouſly prepared to expect them by a letter he had received about a week before they ſtopped at his gate.

gate. The moment the carriage appeared, the worthy couple flew out to welcome them. Mrs. Biddulph was the chief object that attracted their regards, as ſhe had reſtored Biddulph to himſelf and to them."

"A thouſand welcomes, my good friends, (ſaid the old Gentleman;) and to you, Madam (added he, turning to Mrs. Biddulph) as many bleſſings, for you have brought the wanderer home, and reſtored a worthy man to his country and friends!"

Mrs. Biddulph felt a conſcious pleaſure at this remark, which animated her whole countenance, and made her appear to the Barrows already pre-poſſeſſed in her favour, as the moſt lovely woman they had ever beheld.

They were never tired of careſſing them, and Mr. Barclay experienced a welcome ſo warm and cheerful, that he already antici-

pated the pleaſures of ſettling in a neighbourhood where he could enjoy ſociety ſo improving, ſocial and benevolent.

That evening paſſed in mutual congratulations; nor would Mr. Barrow permit Mr. Barclay, "the friend of his friend," to think of any other home than his for the preſent.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

THE following day, when the Ladies were retired after breakfaſt to the garden, accompanied by Barclay, Mr. Biddulph accompanied the old Gentleman to his ſtudy, where mutual communications took place. He bowed to the juſtice which had overtaken William Biddulph, though humanity breathed a ſigh at his melancholy exit; for his mother he felt little compaſſion, and thought her ſufferings were deſervedly inflicted, and her future proſpects, for which ſhe was indebted to Biddulph's generoſity, much ſuperior to any thing ſhe could hope for, or merit, and

he obſerved, that, from the fixed depravity of that woman's mind, he had but ſmall hopes that any benefits could eſſentially ſerve her, or influence her future conduct to prove worthy of them. He ſpoke warmly in praiſe of Mrs. Biddulph :

" Her countenance (ſaid he) pourtrays her mind ; ſhe looks goodneſs itſelf adorned by the graces. You ſee my good friend, that, in the words of the Pſalmiſt, ' it is good for us that we are ſometimes afflicted.' Miſfortunes are the ſchool of wiſdom. You was a novice to the world ; you ſuffered even for *your virtues*, becauſe you made not a proper diſcrimination. *Your errors* brought on their natural puniſhment, and from the bitter conſequences you extracted wiſdom, and a knowledge of the world ; through various ſcenes of miſery and vexation you have been gradually led to happineſs. The plain path is before you, perſevere in truth, virtue and integrity ; watch over the weakneſs of human nature, and depend not upon your own ſtrength

ſtrength to reſiſt evil without looking up to a higher Power for ſupport through the temptations of the world. Excuſe my ſolicitude, which is derived from a ſincere friendſhip for you, and an intereſt I already feel for the happineſs of an amiable woman. And now, my good Biddulph, let me prepare you to receive a *penitent*, who, conſcious of her former unworthineſs, ſhrinks from your ſight, and dreads the ſeverity of your upbraidings."

"Good Heavens! (cried Biddulph) what, who, do you mean? Can it be my ſiſter?"

"Indeed it is (replied Mr. Barrow:) — Heaven graciouſly made me the inſtrument to ſave a wretched unfortunate on the brink of deſtruction, and reſtore her, I hope, to forgiveneſs and peace."

"O, (cried Biddulph, much agitated) let me ſee her, my dear Sir; if ſhe is worthy

your care, ſhe is equally ſo of my forgiveneſs, of my affection."

"Calm yourſelf (ſaid Mr. Barrow) and I will inform you of every circumſtance, that you may be prepared to meet her with compoſure, and not hurry *her* ſpirits by the ſight of *your* emotion."

"The day after I received your laſt welcome letter, which taught me to expect you daily, I went to London to order down a few neceſſaries that my good woman wanted. Paſſing through a narrow ſtreet in the neighbourhood of Covent-Garden, a book ſtall met my notice, and I ſtopped to look over a few books thus expoſed to ſale; it was a mean-looking place, the ſtock not large, but I had taken up one that treated of chymiſtry, and was juſt going to aſk the price of it, when I heard a voice, pretty vociferous, approaching, and preſently a dirty-looking woman came to the man who was attending on me:

"I wiſh, Thomas, you would come along up to the wench; ſhe ſays ſhe can't move, that is, ſhe won't; but I am determined out ſhe ſhall troop, and ſo I deſires you'll come and turn her out."

"By and bye," replied the man.

"By and bye! I ſay come along now; let Jin mind the books (Jin was a little girl, about ten years old) 'twon't be a moment doing; only make her git up, and turn her down."

"Sal, be quiet a minute, can't you, 'tis time enough."

"I ſay 'tis not time enough," retorted ſhe; "time enough, indeed! when ſhe may die there, and ſo we ſhall have the plague of burying her, and loſe the letting of the room. Sir, (to me) if ſo be you minds to buy the book, well and good; if not, don't hinder my huſband from his buſineſs."

The dialogue I had heard, particularly one part of it, excited my curioſity, and ſhocked me. Seeing the book marked a ſhilling, I threw it down, and, addreſſing her, I aſked "what was the matter with the woman ſhe wanted to be turned out of her houſe?"

"Why, the matter's nothing ſtrange (replied ſhe, very ſurly) a good for nothing huſſey comes into one's houſe, pays a little at firſt to gain your good-will, and then falls ſick, as ſhe pretends, has no more to pay, and thinks I am to have my room filled with ſuch riff-raff, and get nothing by it."

"Well (ſaid I, mildly) you are right to expect payment certainly, expecially if ſhe only pretends to be ſick. Let me ſee her; if ſhe is in health, ſhe muſt go out of doors, if ſhe is ſick in reality.—What does ſhe owe you?"

"Thirteen ſhillings," replied ſhe.

"Well,

" Well, then, if ſhe is ſick, I will pay you the debt, ſo we ſhall ſoon ſee what ſhe is."

The woman looked very irreſolute; but the man ſaid, " Go, Sal, ſhew the Gentleman up, he may happen to know her, for them there ſort of women know but *every body*."

This ſpeech made me bluſh for my cloth for my garb beſpoke my profeſſion, and I was hurt at the oblique inſinuation, that an elderly man, and a clergyman, ſhould be likely to know 'them there ſort of women' his words implied her to be. I followed the woman, however, to a back room on the ſecond floor, where, on a miſerable bed, lay a woman, whom the ragged green curtains would not permit to be viſible; her face ſeemed to be hid in a dirty pillow.

" Here, miſtreſs (cried the woman) I have ſomebody with me now; will you get up and be gone, or not, I ſay?"

" I have not ſtrength to move," anſwered a very feeble, tremulous voice.

" Why, then, ſomebody *ſhall move you*, unleſs you are ſick, ſure enough, and then this here Gentleman will pay me, and you may ſtay till to-morrow morning, but no longer, mind."

I moved to the ſide of the bed. She tried to turn her face, repeating the word " Gentleman ;" the woman at the ſame time drawing away the time-worn curtain : I was going to ſpeak, when ſhe gave a feeble ſcream, a groan or two, and I thought was gone for ever.

" And this, this woman (cried Biddulph, ſtarting up, and traverſing the room) this deplorable object, was my ſiſter !"

" Patience (ſaid Mr. Barrow) let me repeat my ſtory, that you may know what ſhe has ſuffered, and what ſevere puniſhments attend

attend the unhappy votaries of vice, when once they deviate from virtue, follow the deceitful flowery paths falſly called pleaſure, and ſink into the gloomy road that leads to miſery, diſeaſe, and want! Alarmed at the condition of this poor creature, I deſired the woman to aſſiſt in raiſing her, and get ſome drops and water, for I perceived ſhe had only fainted. Drops there were none, but opening the window, and bathing her hands and head with water, ſhe began to recover. She opened her eyes, fixed them on me, then cloſed them with another groan."

"I believes ſhe knows you, ſure enough," ſaid the woman.

"I am ſure I do not know her," was my reply; "but I wiſh you would ſend for ſome biſcuits and wine. What does ſhe eat?"

"I don't know, indeed (anſwered ſhe, a little confuſed:) I never knows what ſhe buys."

" When was ſhe out laſt, then ?"

" Why, I don't know; I believes three or four days, or there like, I can't ſay for certain." I had given her a half crown, and ſhe ſet off to fetch the wine, not much pleaſed with my queſtions or looks, I imagine. All this time the poor creature never ſpoke; we had pulled up the pillow, and her face lay towards me. The longer I looked at her, the more I was convinced ſhe had known better days; there were the remains of a Gentlewoman, and an agreeable face; it ſeemed to grow familiar to me, yet I could not trace any features I knew. The woman ſoon returned, and having gained a little good humour, by an exhilirating draught I believe, ſhe brought the biſcuits and wine."

" Poor ſoul, it will do her good, I dares to ſay; it's long enough ago ſince ſhe had any thing comfortable."

I ſopped the biſcuits, and with a tea ſpoon put ſome into her mouth. After ſhe had ſwallowed a few mouthfuls ſhe appeared to revive. She drew my hand to her lips, and burſt into tears; 'twas a friendly ſhower, and ſeemed to relieve her. For a moment the words trembled on her lips. At length, with difficulty, ſhe ſaid, "Your name is Barrow."

"It is," I replied, eagerly; "but who, or what are you?"

"The victim of vice (ſaid ſhe) the miſerable—dying—Catherine Biddulph!"

Had a thunder-bolt ſtruck me, I ſhould ſcarcely have been more aſtoniſhed! I gazed on her without ſpeaking, and felt the big drops trembling in my eyes on contemplating the ruins before me. She ſaw my emotion, and partook of it; a ſilence more expreſſive than words pervaded both for ſeveral moments. I took her emaciated hand—

I kiſſed it: "Take comfort—I will not deſert you," was all I could utter; it was enough; ſhe raiſed her eyes to Heaven, and preſſed my hand. A little recovered, I ſent for an apothecary. He ſaid, weakneſs, and want of nouriſhment, were her chief ailments, and finding that ſhe could not bear being removed that day (though the woman would certainly have obliged her huſband to have dragged her out of doors, doubtleſs to periſh, had not the hand of Providence guided me to the ſpot in that fortunate moment) I ſent for a nurſe, ordered every thing proper for her, requeſted her to be eaſy, and aſſured her that I would take care of her in future. I was obliged to return home, as I knew my wife would otherwiſe be uneaſy, and accordingly came down and acquainted her with every particular I have related to you."

"O (cried Biddulph) you have wrung my heart with anguiſh!"

"Perhaps,

" Perhaps (ſaid Mr. Barrow) I might have ſpared a brother's feelings from ſuch a recital, but I have two reaſons for being circumſtantial; one is, that you may be prepared to ſee her with compaſſion, and conſider the miſeries ſhe has experienced in her ſhort career of vice, and the conſcious ſenſe ſhe has of her unworthineſs, as a ſufficient expiation for her ill conduct and diſſipated life: The other reaſon is, that, *you* are a young man, that you will again mix with a world abounding in folly, vice and temptation; that, though poſſeſſed of an amiable, lovely woman, whoſe happineſs or miſery is in your hands, who has given up her country, her all, for you to be her protector and guide; and, though I know you now adore this charming woman, and think your principles eſtabliſhed, which, I hope, they are; yet ſo manifold are the temptations to depravity in that great city, ſo weak is human nature, and ſo little conſiſtent do we often act with the dictates of reaſon and prudence, that I would, from your own conviction,

from

from the *miſeries of a ſiſter*, point out to you the extreme wickedneſs of ſeducing a woman to vice, of vitiating the delicate mind of a female, by depriving her of her greateſt charm, modeſty, and by a habitude to a life of infamy, lead her into the commiſſion of the moſt abandoned crimes, which a feeling heart would ſhudder to think of: Think then that every virtuous woman is a *wife*, or a *ſiſter*; reflect on the conſequences of illicit love, and fly from the ſnares that may be ſpread around you, when you remember poor Catherine. Every poor creature has ſome connexions, whoſe hearts, whoſe honour is wounded by her conduct; reſpect the feelings of others, and you will avoid error; think of your *own connexions*, and you will act nobly to avoid ſelf-reproach, and ſelf-abaſement! I make no apologies for my freedom; were you leſs ſenſible, leſs inclined to perſevere in the paths of rectitude, I might be ſilent, becauſe a depraved heart regardeth not admonition; but I addreſs myſelf thus to you, only to *ſtrengthen* principles I know you wiſh

to

to be governed by."—But to return to my ſtory.

" Having conſulted with Mrs. Barrow, I returned to London, and had the ſatisfaction to find your ſiſter much better, for nouriſhment, of which ſhe had been deprived for three days, had greatly recruited both her body and mind.

" Our meeting was truly affecting: She bleſſed me as her preſerver from death in a ſituation that made her ſhrink from it, becauſe unprepared to appear at the Grand Tribunal. She confeſſed all her irregularities to me with a deep ſenſe of her errors; it is not for a fallible man to judge of the heart, but, from my beſt obſervation, I think your ſiſter truly repentant, and rejoicing to eſcape from a life which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had long deteſted. A very few months ſhe reſided with the *ignoble* Lord who had ſeduced her from virtue. She left him, and ſought a new acquaintance. Error ſucceeded error,

and

and from a Lord ſhe took up with a dancing-maſter in France, who, with his grimaces, capered himſelf into her heart, got poſſeſſion of the money the former had laviſhed on her, and was induced, by his artifice, to ſell an annuity *the Lord* had ſettled upon her, which he likewiſe poſſeſſed himſelf of, and, after reſiding with her a ſhort time, he danced himſelf away with an Opera girl to Italy, leaving her without a guinea! Being degraded by her late connexion, and pennyleſs, ſhe fell into the hands of a young 'ſquire, who came over to learn French, make his bow, and acquire a few faſhionable vices. With him ſhe returned to England, lived with him till *he* deſerted *her*, and then fell upon the town."

Biddulph could ſtand this no longer, grief and indignation burſt from his eyes. "O, Mr. Barrow! exclaimed he. ——

"It is indeed a dreadful tale (ſaid the old Gentleman;) but ſuch is the progreſſion of

of infamy, and in Mrs. Biddulph's ſtory, you hear the gradation, by which thouſands of amiable women are drawn by one falſe ſtep to ruin, want and ſhame; whilſt man, worſe than the ſavage beaſt that roves the woods in ſearch of prey, forgetting that he has a mother, a ſiſter, or a wife, ſeeks to embitter every dear connexion in life, and triumphs in the ſeduction of innocence. The conſequence of the wtetchedneſs your poor ſiſter was reduced to may be eaſily gueſſed, and long it ſeems ſhe experienced a variety of miſeries, that will not bear a repetition till at length her health gave way, her conſtitution was impaired, poverty, the inevitable conſequence of a diſſipated life, ſtared her in the face, and threatened her with all its attendant evils. She was obliged to leave more decent lodgings, and take that miſerable room I found her in at three ſhillings a week; whilſt ſhe had any clothes left to ſell, ſhe uſed to crawl out and get food; but they inſenſibly decreaſed by little and little till all was gone. No longer able to ſtruggle againſt

againſt the double affliction of ſickneſs and want, ſhe took to her bed, and in a ſtate of deſpair reſigned herſelf up to the horrors that ſurrounded her. In three days ſhe had only one halfpenny roll and a pint of milk; and had not the woman gone up to demand her thirteen ſhillings, in all probability a termination of her exiſtence would ſoon have cloſed all her troubles. What follows you know.

" It was ſeveral days before ſhe had ſtrength to bear a removal from the unfeeling wretch, who would have turned the almoſt dying creature into the ſtreet: However, by medical aſſiſtance, and proper nouriſhment, ſhe was ſo well reſtored as to be brought down here, and, thank Heaven, ſhe is now a new being, I truſt, both in body and mind.

" It was with infinite reluctance ſhe conſented to remain in the houſe when you was expected; ſhe longs, yet dreads to ſee you: Mrs. Biddulph, your wife, ſhe declares ſhe would die a thouſand deaths rather than be humbled

humbled in her ſight, and degrade you by a connexion ſo unworthy; and *now* you know *all*, and are enabled to judge whether you can ſee her in that frame of mind, which may ſpeak comfort to a wounded conſcience."

"Doubt it not," anſwered Biddulph. — Pray conduct me to her."

Mr. Barrow aroſe, the other followed him to a door, at which he gently tapped; it was opened; Biddulph entered; Mr. Barrow, from tenderneſs and delicacy, withdrew. — The moment her brother appeared the unfortunate, mortified Catherine fainted away; it was ſome minutes before ſhe recovered, and in her he contemplated the ruins of youth, and an agreeable perſon, worn down by ſorrow and calamities to a premature old age; ſo great was the alteration that he would ſcarcely have known her, had he not been prepared, although ſhe was but little turned of two-and-twenty. The ſcene that followed her returning ſenſes was too painful for deſcription. Biddulph conſoled her in the moſt affectionate manner, aſſured her

her of his entire forgiveneſs, beſought her to recover her ſpirits, to ſee his wife, whoſe gentle diſpoſition would ſooth her into peace."

"Never (ſaid ſhe, firmly) no, never will I approach her; virtue, like her's, ſhall not be contaminated by a wretch like me; nor can I bear the ſuperiority that thoſe virtues would give her over a poor loſt creature, whoſe conſcience would feel every word, and look as a reproach. No, never, never, will I ſee her. If you will have the goodneſs to inquire out ſome clergyman's family in a remote part of Wales or Yorkſhire, and pay for my board there, where example and ſolitude may encourage me to a repentance of my paſt life, and enable me to purſue a new plan, it is the only arrangement that can, in any ſhape, contribute to my future peace here, or lead me in the road to that contrition ſo eſſential towards obtaining pardon hereafter."

"Well, my dear ſiſter (replied Biddulph) I will comply with your preſent requeſt; and, I hope, that the plan you prefer will be productive of that peace of mind, which may

may enable you, ſome time hence, to meet the eyes of your friends with the conſcious delight that you deſerve their approbation." This little-expected and affecting interview being over, Mr. Biddulph returned to his friends much happier than he could have been whilſt an uncertainty of his ſiſter's fate clouded his mind.

Mr. Barrow informed him that Lady Burley had married a young indigent officer, who rioted on her fortune whilſt ſhe lived in meanneſs and obſcurity, neglected and deſpiſed, in a ſmall village a few miles from town. Her diſſipation and intemperance had brought on her a dropſical complaint: She was grown corpulent and unhealthy, ſour in her temper, and unſocial in her manners, ſcorned by the very beings who uſed to court her favour in the hey-day of her popularity, and without a ſingle virtue to attract notice, or compenſate for her former vices.

Thus lived, and *thus died*, the worthleſs Lady Burley (within two years after Biddulph's return to England) unpitied, and

unlamented; a leſſon to thoſe young and thoughtleſs women, who ſuffer their paſſions to take the lead of reaſon, and ſweeping prudence, modeſty and virtue, before them, ſink into a vortex of vice, from which there is ſeldom or never a recovery till the hour approaches, when the gaudy viſions of pleaſure fade from their ſight, and a long night of ſhame and horror overtakes them.

Mr. and Mrs. Biddulph intending to reſide chiefly in the country, he purchaſed an elegant houſe, and good grounds, about three miles from Stanmore, determined never to reſide on his paternal eſtate, though he deſigned erecting a neat dwelling on it, for the benefit of his family. Mr. Barclay offered to become a border with Mr. Barrow, refuſing to be an inmate of his friend's houſe, for reaſons equally prudent and delicate.

"We are ſuch capricious mortals," ſaid he, ſmiling, "that often times our chiefeſt pleaſures loſe their reliſh, by being too much in our own power; your, and Mrs. Biddulph's friendſhip and converſation, is at pre-

ſent my higheſt delight, let me then enjoy it, as a cordial to exhilierate my ſpirits; let me have ſomething in view, that may gratify me, and not, by a too great indulgence, by an habitual poſſeſſion of the only bleſſings I can promiſe myſelf, conſider them as leſs valuable, becauſe they are always within my reach."

Mr. and Mrs. Barrow approved of his motives, and with pleaſure accepted him as a border. Three months in the year they intended to reſide in London or Bath; nine months in the country with their friends; their reſidence being ſo near town, that they might, if agreeable, make frequent temporary excurſions there.

Within three months after Mr. Biddulph's return to England, they received letters from their American friends. The Arnolds and Neſbitts continued well; Mrs. Downman, alias Biddulph, ſoon after her being ſettled at Mr. Newton's, had found means to renew

her acquaintance with Sharpley, the conſequence of which was, that ſhe had quitted thoſe worthy people, and had taken up her reſidence with him, as his *friend* and *houſekeeper*. The reſult of ſuch an act of imprudence, was not difficult to gueſs at. Sharpley had relapſed into his old habits; kept a gambling table, and a vaſt deal of company, the end of which muſt one day be ſhame and deſtruction, and to the wretched incorrigible woman, poverty and contempt—Mr. Matthews having refuſed to advance her any more money, conceiving Mr. Biddulph had no right nor inclination to ſupport, or adminiſter to her vices. The good Manly preſerved his liberty, cheerfulneſs and health; Mrs. Bailey her pride, impertinence, and perſevering wiſh for marriage, of which, at preſent, there was no proſpect. Mrs. Smith had, in a great meaſure, recovered her health, from being no longer in a ſtate of hope or diſpair; but her ſpirits were greatly depreſſed, and in all probability would never be reſtored, from a conſcious ſenſe of her former

duplicity. Not many months ſubſequent to this, they had the pleaſure of ſeeing Mr. Oſborne, who had returned to England, in conſequence of his brother's ill health, and arrived only in time to cloſe his eyes, and take poſſeſſion of his little fortune: his ſiſters he found well married, but heard nothing relative to his mother's deſtiny. In ſettling his brother's affairs, he became acquainted with the daughter of an attorney, who had beauty and merit enough to eradicate a hopeleſs paſſion, and gain full poſſeſſion of his heart; he had been married about two months, previous to this viſit, and came to renew his friendſhip with Biddulph, and entreat the favour of a friendly intercourſe between the ladies, both of which were granted with pleaſure, Mr. and Mrs. Biddulph having often expreſſed much ſolicitude for the happineſs of Oſborne.

And now having ſettled Mr. and Mrs. Biddulph in the poſſeſſion of as much happineſs as this ſublunary world will admit of, either

either in enjoyment or expectation, with diſpoſitions to be grateful for the bleſſings heaven has beſtowed upon them, and with both inclination and ability to communicate thoſe bleſſings, to the utmoſt extent of prudence, among all thoſe who want their aſſiſtance, and can be benefited by their benevolence or example: we have only to remark, that from the ſeveral characters in the ſtory, our readers will obſerve, a deviation from rectitude ſeldom or never goes unpuniſhed, and that even repentance of error, as in the caſe of Catherine Biddulph, (who retired into the country, and lived an examplary life) though it may obtain a forgiveneſs from the world, and we truſt, a pardon from heaven, yet leaves, in the retroſpection of an ill-ſpent life, a corroding pain at the heart, never to be eraſed. Whilſt virtue, tried like pure gold, by adverſity, ſtruggles through the various misfortunes that obſcure it, and at length, by the diſpenſations of Providence, overcomes the difficulties that impeded happineſs, and is rewarded for its perſeverance.

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